A LITERARY EQUILIBRIUM . . . . . By Addison Hibbard

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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Katherine Anne Porter

writes:—

Dear Mr. Henle:

I like Caroline Slade's novel, "Lilly Crackell" for a number of reasons; it is a work of strength and feeling, she has a deep knowledge of her subject and is impassioned about it, and she tells a perfectly appalling story with a tough dry-eyed frankness immeasurably more touching and convincing than any pathos could be. Particularly I admire the way she resolutely refuses one smallest compromise with her truth to spare the reader's sensibilities or give the conventional dawn-of-a-better day ending.

There are pages and pages of scenes that stick in the mind like very painful burrs, and I think it is because the people in the book seem so immediately alive, present and near you, with no kind of protective veil of fictional unreality between you and them. This is not the kind of effect that happens by accident: it comes of vivid powers of re-creation of life on the part of the author, and good clear writing.

(I see no reason at all to compare this book with Grapes of Wrath. It is five times at least a better book, and this difference is just the difference between a writer who "writes up" a situation by a sure-fire formula, and one who writes from the heart and mind of something real and of terrible importance from her own life-experience...)

Yours sincerely

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A Literary Equilibrium

Though No Equation is Possible, Some Fixed Quantities Exist

ADDISON HIBBARD

IN all the discussion of literature perhaps no aspect is more discouraging to the ordinarily well-read person or to the teacher than the demand of program chairmen of women's clubs and of college sophomores for a formula by which to judge literature. "Why is Chaucer accepted as 'great' and Harold Bell Wright denounced as 'popular'?" "Why is Keats a poet and Eddie Guest only a versifier?" "Can't you teachers and critics tell us once for all what makes 'good literature'?" "Isn't there some pattern you can give us by which we may judge the books we read?" "Give us," they innocently insist, "a yardstick which we may use," although what they really want is to know what to praise that they may give the impression of perspicacity and good taste. They are people who somehow expect oak trees to grow in flowerpots.

People who raise these questions want literature to remain in constant equilibrium. They would have us reduce it to a formula: Fifty per cent plot and action, forty per cent sentiment, five per cent characterization, and five per cent wisecracking—or something of the sort. They will never understand that for art equilibrium means death; that literature lives and breathes because of its variety rather than because of its uniformity. They forget how in England of the eighteenth century, for instance, neo-classicism was smothered under its own burden of the fixed couplet, of bloodless Belindas and Delias and Chloes, and of such patterned abstractions as "Melancholy" and "Love" and "Penury." That was a time when literature knew a pattern, when a hunter wishing to shoot at woodcocks

> lifts the tube, and levels with his eye

to be scarcely startled when, as a result of his shot,

> straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky.

That was literature with a pattern—but few want to read it today. And, a hundred years later, romanticism was freezing into a pattern of artificiality, false sentiment—and passing on to new forms. In America writing has on several occasions threatened to settle into a formula: the local color school in the South and, say, the naturalistic group of writers in the decade after the World War. No sooner were these patterns in danger of becoming fixed, however, than art and common sense rebelled and literature passed on to new moods and manners and subjects.

But despite history, despite common sense, there are always those who feel that one should be able to dogmatize about writing, that a formula can be fixed. "Surely," they exclaim, "literature will eventually settle into equilibrium." And they look forward to that happy day as one of release from doubt and uncertainty when, they think, they will be able to recognize the family Dodge as it squeals around the corner into the alley. This paper, then, will make no attempt to write the formula for great literature. Its purpose is, rather, to show why no such formula can be decreed.

And there are good reasons. I understand that to the physicist "equilibrium" is a term used to describe the condition which results when opposing forces meet in a way to create balance and stability. Yet stability is no characteristic of living literature. A stable literature is one which has gone to seed, which has passed the growing and flowering stage. It is a literature of "Delias" and "Chloes," of artificiality and formula, of fixed couplets, of patterned war stories, of honeysuckle and roses and Southern colonels fingering frosty mint juleps. Yes, suh. Equilibrium in literature, by definition, means inaction, and inaction is death to art.

Why is this so? What are the forces in literature which make it a blessedly unstable form? Are there, then, no elements in writing which make for stability, which have something like universal value?

—*From a self-portrait*

Even with such experimenters as e. e. cummings, writing has a beginning, middle, and end.

THE last question may be answered first. There are, of course, some few constants—perhaps I will be forgiven for listing, rather formally, some of the characteristics generally found in significant writing, characteristics which are more or less common to all literature and which, consequently, give some uniformity, some equilibrium to art:

1. *Literature manifests a desire to communicate.* The author may present his ideas directly—Byron for instance—or he may express himself indirectly, as does such a poet as Hart Crane; but in general the author has something he wants to say, an idea he hopes to impart, a setting or a character or a bit of beauty he wishes to share with his reader.

2. *Some sense of structure is in control.* The piece of writing, even with such experimenters as Joyce and Cummings, is likely to have a recognizable beginning, middle, and end—it starts, moves, and stops. Although in much modern fiction *plot* has largely disappeared, vestigial remains persist in the work of even the most "modern" novelist.

3. *The conventions of literary types, though changeful, are fairly persistent.* The contemporary sonnet may have rime schemes which neither Petrarch nor Milton practised, but they are still fourteen-lined lyrics; the essays of Christoper Morley differ from those of Montaigne, but remain brief

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excursions calculated to explore a single idea; the drama of Eugene O'Neill is not that of Shakespeare, but it still uses dialogue and suspense.

4. *Interest in human character, its actions and reactions, characterizes all great literature.* Contemporary authors may refuse the opportunity to introduce the sixty or seventy people who inhabit a Dickens novel, may refuse to stop and talk with us for four or five pages about the physical make-up and quality of a personage in the book as did George Eliot, may even attempt to enter within the mind of their characters as did James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, but, ancient or modern, great writers have found nothing about which to write more fascinating than human beings.

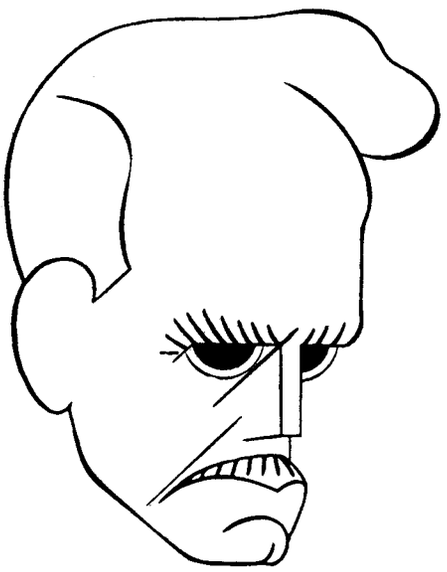
5. *External nature plays an important role.* Nature may be approached symbolically and mythologically, as in the "Medea" of Euripides, or carefully and realistically, as in Thomas Hardy's "Return of the Native," may be interpreted spiritually as in Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" or fancifully as in Mallarmé's "L-Après-Midi d'un Faune," but nature, in one rôle or another runs through a great proportion of our writing and serves as one of the stabilizing forces in literature.

6. *Historical fact constitutes a background common to much of our writing.* Literature has a way of springing richly from its times—Horace and Milton, Boccaccio and Cervantes, Thomas Wolfe and Thomas Mann are parts of the historical and social milieu in which they lived. The days of Greece and Rome, the medieval romances, the Renaissance, the French and American revolutions—of these we read time and again in poetry and prose until we somehow gain a "feel" for these epochs and, even unconsciously perhaps, find that they serve as familiar threads in the pattern of literature.

7. *Again, certain conventions characterize all literature, ancient or modern.* The unities strictly or liberally interpreted, decency in grammar and rhetoric, the practices of "good" diction, these conventions and others, whether employed by Walter Pater or honored in their breach by T. S. Eliot, are common denominators which tend to make literature centripetal rather than centrifugal.

THIS listing of qualities common to literature in all countries and in all ages could, of course, be expanded. But these items are sufficient, I am sure, to remind the reader of the obvious truth that literature of all countries and in all epochs manifests several common qualities. Although now and then some writers have made bold, under the guise of experimentation, to shout their defiance of one or more of these characteristics, the qualities themselves are common enough to make further laboring of the point offensive. These items are taken for granted. They are simply the warp upon which the pictures of the tapestry are woven. They are the stable qualities of literature and—with others—are partial answers to the query which the women's club chairman and the sophomore propose. If they existed by themselves, uninfluenced by other qualities, writing would be a humdrum affair and all who run could not only read but could, as well, write.

But literature is not so naive an art. Just as structure and characterization and a desire to communicate are elements common to great literary expression and tend to draw all writing together making it more or less alike, there are, to the confusion of those



—*Caricature by Eva Hermann*

Eugene O'Neill has a categorical affinity with William Shakespeare.

asking for a recipe, other elements tending to separate one piece of writing from another and to make two equally good sonnets or novels or dramas unlike. And, interestingly enough, the qualities which make for differences are fully as essential to literature as those which make for similarity. May I be as mechanical in mentioning some of them as I was in listing the others?

1. *There is, first, the individuality of the author.* It is an often demonstrated truth that two men witnessing the same incident will tell about it with widely differing emphases, with somewhat differing facts, and after differing emotional reactions. If there were not this difference in personality, one biography of Napoleon would be enough, Goethe need not have written his "Faust" since Marlowe had used the story before him, and, today for instance, one account of a bombardier's experiences over Germany would be all we need read. Were there no room for individuality in art, one painting of the crucifixion could stand for all, one symphony would fill our wants, and our gardens would not be the gloriously profuse things they are. Literature—and the point is obvious—is infinitely richer for the personalities which participate in its writing and yet these personalities we prize so highly constitute a centrifugal element, a quality making for divergence rather than similarity. Since the virtue of individuality is its unpredictability, this quality in writing tends to destroy formulas rather than to make them.

2. *And clearly related to this individuality of the author is the temper of the author's mood.* As we all have hours, perhaps even days or years, when our life flows along calmly and serenely, we also have periods of great exuberance, moments when we dream and idealize, as well as other periods when we are determined to face life sternly and seek out actuality. As individuals are subject to these moods, so are periods of literary history; thus it is that literature expresses itself in varying tempers, the classical, the romantic, the realistic. Is the writing marked by restraint, decorum, and dominated by the intelligence? The author's temper is classical. Is it exuberant, imaginative, and inclined to give free rein to the emotions? We term it romantic. And writing which is distinguished by its concern for facts, its desire to be "scientific," to report life objectively, we classify as realistic. Here, then, are other considerations which come in to spoil any neat formula for literature, elements which influence characterization, and structure, and the interpretation of facts—those items which we found make for unity in composition.

3. *Racial and regional and national characteristics give color and tone to literature.* We speak so glibly of French "intelligence," Russian "gloom," Greek "purity," English "solidity," American "enthusiasm" that we almost come to expect these qualities in writers of these nations. Here again, then, are literary forces pulling askew any neat graph we might try to make showing literature in a state of equilibrium.

I HAVE specified three important characteristics of great writing which are destructive of patterns, which make for variety rather than uniformity. Were this a lecture to the sophomore vainly seeking his prescription for great literature, one might go on to detail other centrifugal elements—the differing ideas and manners of different periods in history and cultures, the author's personal quality of

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imagination, of fancy, even, in fact, the state of his digestion at the moment of composition.

But enough has been written, I hope, to show the wicked generation that seeketh after a sign that no sign shall be given unto it, that although there are forces which make for balance and stability in literature there are other forces, equally compelling, which prevent balance. No formula for literature will ever be written. If the desire to portray human action and character, to place one's composition against the background of nature and history, to communicate ideas and beauty, to pay at least some regard to the decencies of structure make for balance, other motives—to express one's individual attitudes, to give rein to a mood, to speak from one's national and racial heritage—motives certainly equally deserving, immediately enter to upset this equilibrium.

Were we, at last, to succumb to the desire for a graph we might represent the forces which make for uniformity by a series of horizontal lines. But this scheme would no more be sketched than we should have to superimpose upon the lines standing for uniformity a series of opposing lines each exerting a pull on each of the horizontal lines until, instead of simplicity we should show complexity, instead of equilibrium we should show unbalance, and, instead of a pattern for literature, we should show how free a form it is.

Perhaps this paper takes too seriously the neophyte's request for the prescription by which great literature is written. A shorter reply would have been to say simply: "So long as literature is written by great men it must necessarily express the individuality of those men, and writing which is an expression of an individuality will never, in the nature of things, be reduced to a formula." Equilibrium may occur in a world of physical forces, but in a literature of the human spirit it has no home.

An Anatomy of Prejudice

HISTORY OF BIGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Gustavus Myers. New York: Random House. 1943. 504 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by H. W. KALLEN

ACCORDING to the publisher's note on the dust jacket of this book, Gustavus Myers had delivered the completed manuscript to them one month before his death on December 7, 1942. He was then in his seventy-first year. During almost half a century he had busied himself with searching out situations, characters, and events in the national life whose importance we now take as a matter of course. When Myers was pushing them into the open, however, academic historians were wont either to look and pass on, or altogether to ignore them. In their eyes Myers was a bounder, a maverick who intruded on their domain, without the right which academic status or social position gives, making deliverances of ungentlemanly matter in a pedestrian yet highly tendencious manner.

I do not know that Myers was ever aware that he communicated an attitude, a frame of reference, a philosophy of history. But he did. It suffuses his first work, the "History of Public Franchise," of 1900, and it sticks out from the three by which he is best known—the "History of Tammany Hall," the "History of Great American Fortunes," the "History of the Supreme Court." These intimate his rejections, while his "History of American Idealism," published in 1925, expresses his affirmations. All seem to me tracts somewhat ahead of their times, solemn communications due less to an abiding faith than to the promptings of a situation. His judgment of men and events impresses me as following from a simple, far from unnaive belief in the precepts of our democratic tradition and from an unsophisticated, external notion of how they were obeyed and how they were defied. The judgments do not manifest a concern for causes or a realizing sense of context or depth. Myers's histories have seemed to me moral chronicles in two dimensions.

I get the same impression from this posthumous "History of Bigotry in the United States." The publishers describe it as the fruits of seventeen years of research, the last two facilitated by a grant from the Guggenheim Foundation. Conceived in 1925 with the purpose of expressing impartially "opposition to all kinds of bigotry," it concentrates exclusively upon religious bigotry, which, as "a realistic narrative of the origins and course of bigotry in the United States" it shows to be a constant phenomenon of the national life, "its victims varying from time to time, but (its) essence continuing the same."

—From the portrait by Bernard J. Rosenmeyer
Gustavus Myers

"Origins," however, does not seem to mean initiating or sustaining causes nor does "course" mean consequential change. "Origins" appears to cover only the first location, "course" only the chronicle of manifestations, of the bigot attitude. There is no clear and distinct definition of the human inwardness of bigotry, of the diverse positive doctrines which it employs to justify its animosities toward the scapegoat that it inherits or constructs. The result is that we have another chronicle of events, reënforced by selected documents which testify to the persistence and industry of the author, and give added force to already well-established observations.

As Mr. Myers sees it, American bigotry is a transplantation of the bigotries of England and continental Europe to American soil, first repeating here the war of all the sects and cults against all, then crystallizing into the persecuting intolerance of the Protestant majority against the Catholic and Jewish minorities, with bigotry toward the Negro obbligato to both. Among its manifestations were the harsh laws against blasphemy, the sumptuary regulations, the laws enforcing Sabbath observance, requiring church attendance, prosecuting and penalizing stage-plays, and establishing and maintaining the various forms of clerical privilege. Against all that the precepts and endeavors of democracy were a *caveat;* liberalism made progress.

But the tradition of bigotry persisted, occasionally changing its scapegoats—as when the bigots turned against the Masons—but for the most part concentrating on Catholicism, and expressing its fears of Catholics and other religious minorities in nativist organizations of Xenophobiacs like the Know-Nothing movement, the A.P.A., the Ku Klux Klan; in the religious campaign against the candidacy of Catholic A. E. Smith for the presidency, in Henry Ford's anti-Semitic enterprises and their adaptation to his own special interests by the Detroit priest, Charles Coughlin, who reënforced them with borrowings from the Nazi racist

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gospel and furthered them by means of "a Christian Front" in which all sorts and conditions of Klansmen might join their formerly hated Christian brethren of the Catholic sect. A high place was Imperial Wizard Simmons's declaration: "By some scheme of Providence the Negro was created a serf." More frequently than not masters of bigotry employed their cults as a means of getting money out of their dupes.

Americans being prevailingly Protestant, the chronicle of bigotry in America is a chronicle of the ways mostly of Protestant bigots. I get the impression that Mr. Myers wrote with disproportionate harshness about the Protestant disposition and with disproportionate tenderness about the Catholic. He expresses himself about ex-Catholics such as Father Chiniquy, who participated in Protestant charges against Catholicsm, with an animus that needs more support than his book provides. He gives the impression that the traditional Protestant fear of Catholicism has a base only in legend and not in fact, and that authoritarian infallibilism can agree to live on terms of equal liberty with free religions basing themselves on the autonomy of the private conscience.

His remarks about Samuel F. B. Morse are symptomatic. This artist and inventor had spent a long time in post-Napoleonic Europe, which was agitated then by the struggle between legitimism and ultramontane clericalism on the one side and free religion and democracy on the other. Leader of this struggle on the side of freedom in France was the devout Catholic, de Lammenais, whom the pope condemned in 1832. When Morse returned to the United States, he wrote down his observations and sentiments in an anxious, not too soberly written, properly documented book, "Foreign Conspiracy against the Liberties of the United States." In this he charged that the Holy Alliance and its ultramontanist associates were planning "to secure control of the government through the ballot-box." The extravagances, the inventions and the brutalities of the Nativists, Know-Nothings, and A.P.A. were rationalized by charges of this sort. A.P.A. propaganda continued to repeat that "it is the purpose of the Romanists to make America Catholic."

To establish the bigoted falsity of that dogma, Mr. Myers cites A. E. Smith's declarations when he was a candidate for president and the statements of such truth-loving Protestant ministers as Washington Gladden, and such Catholic prelates as Archbishop Ireland. But he only mentions, he does not cite, nor does he discuss the basis and import of, the questions put by Charles C. Marshall, to which Smith's declarations were the reply. Nor do I find anywhere in this History reference to such papal Encyclicals as *Quanta Cura, Immortali Dei, Pascendi Gregis,* or to the Syllabus of Modern Errors of Pope Pius IX, or to the decree *Lamentabile Sane Exitu* of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, issued in July, 1907; or to such works as "The State and Church," by Fathers Ryan and Millar, or "Catholic Principles of Politics," by Fathers Ryan and Boland; or to Bishop Noll's assault on the public school system as the nation's "Public Enemy Number 1."

All these documents were easily available to him. Had he given them due consideration, his History might have suffered less than it does from his failure to distinguish between bigotry and justifiable anxiety, between fanaticism and the indispensable vigilance which is the price of liberty.

It is, perhaps, the somewhat naive inadequacy of his idea of the nature and range of bigotry which has led Mr. Myers to equate "all kinds" with the bigotry of traditional religionists alone. But bigotry is not confined to religion merely. It exists wherever an individual or a group becomes such a fanatical proponent of a dogma as to be unable to endure any doubt or any difference of view; unable to believe any disproof; indeed, unable to reason at all about the dogma and ready to go to any length of rationalization and to any extreme of persecution in support of it. Often haters of "that man" and of labor unions manifest these traits. The Communist Party, the National Association of Manufacturers, the Prohibitionists, the United States Chamber of Commerce, have shown themselves on occasion not less perfect in them than the Fascists, the Nazis, the Republicans, the Southern Democrats, and our Californian and more eastern peddlers of "the Yellow Peril."

Bigotry, by its very nature, tends to become universal and endemic. Nobody is exempt from its contagion. Its springs are many, but two are to be clearly distinguished. One is positive aggression against the different. It is the demand which individuals and secular or ecclesiastical establishments make that everybody shall submit to their particular disciplines and conform to their particular doctrines. It is the monopolistic temper which comes to its fulness in religious, racist, cultural, or other forms of self-conscious imperialism. This kind of bigotry is readily distinguished from the other, where the ruling passion is not aggression but the fear of aggression. Such fear may be autogenous and hysterical or due to real ascertainable dangers, or both.

These are not Barnum & Bailey circus clowns, but two Ku Klux Klanners, shortly after the Civil War, in their home-made regalia.

As I see it, the religious bigotry which has prevailed in the United States is sometimes due to such dangers and sometimes a self-nourished, a perverse and panic, form of vigilance. The other forms of bigotry, bigotry of race, of class, of occupation, of party, and of vested interest, seem for the most part to exhibit the qualities of aggression rather than fear. All, of course, tend to flow together and to mingle their moods. But is it not a pity that a history of "all kinds" of bigotry in the United States should have failed to consider most of the kinds?

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Economics for Total War

THE LEGACY OF NAZISM. By Frank Munk. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1943. 282 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

DR. MUNK, a young Czech economist now in this country, writes about the economic measures which have supposedly transformed Germany and the conquered countries of Europe into an efficient producing mechanism for total war. There already exists a considerable literature on the subject, dealing either with the available data or with inferences drawn by American or European observers. The data are admittedly incomplete, and prophecy is always speculative. But Dr. Munk, who modestly describes his treatise as a "sniping expedition into a large village," is able to piece together a story which those who are studying the possible premises of a post-war social order will find very helpful. Like not a few other recent writers on the world's ills, he may be indicted for a tendency to dig wells without drawing water. Sometimes he is rather blatantly partisan, and his remarks on politics as distinguished from economics are now and then fairly naive. The reader who is not deflected from the main argument will, however, find this intelligently presented and well buttressed.

Hitler has torn up the economic Europe of yore by the roots. In part the trend has been towards shortages of literally everything—food, raw materials, transportation, labor. These have to some extent been compensated for in so far as the Germans themselves are concerned by plundering the Continent. The "racial economy" which provides preferential treatment for the *Herrenvolk* is in part a consequence of Nazi biological theories, but in part also the result of dictatorially created functions in the war effort. The German fights and feeds; the others work and are kept alive. Yet even the Germans are classified functionally. Social strata which previously were almost dominant—industry, the mercantile middle class, the farmer—are now wholly dependent upon the regime. You do what you are told, and that is not always either clear or explicable. Therefore inside Germany and outside it the European has perforce submitted without by any means always knowing why, to laws and practices having for their object the integration of all economic endeavor in a dynamically regulated state.

What will happen when with peace the Nazi Leviathan ceases to exist?

Frank Munk asks for more creative imagination of our statesmen.

Dr. Munk does not think that Europe will be able to go back to an individualistic economy even if it should desire to do so. Planning there must be, and so the sole questions are what broad theory of regulation we decide to sponsor and what leaders can be found to transmute that theory into practice. I am sure that Dr. Munk may be pardoned for not having made it wholly evident what theory and what leaders ought to be underwritten forthwith. He says however, that after having defeated the Germans the controlling statesmen of the United Nations ought to conserve whatever is helpful in the complicated economic state built up by Hitler. In particular the huge Hermann Goering Werke, which in their present form constitute the armament industry of Europe, should be placed under international control. Credit, though it will doubtless be extended by governments rather than by private investment bankers, is indispensable. But above all, Dr. Munk says, there must be more creative imagination than has been made manifest, say, in the Draft Convention signed by the wheat producing countries. That imagination can only be fed by the strength that lies in man's vision of "ultimate and eternal values." It is a good note on which to close a book which deals in the main with practical matters, because the people of the future certainly will not be willing to live by bread alone.

Hitting Hitler on the African Front

ASSIGNMENT TO NOWHERE. By Lowell Bennet. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1943. 316 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THIS is an eye-witness account of the first campaign of the war in which our troops were engaged on a large scale. Lowell Bennet followed the American tank offensive in North Africa in an open car and wrote down what he saw. He tells his story in simple terms.

Only twenty-three years old, he is a war veteran. He had served in France and was captured and put in a concentration camp when the Nazis took Paris. As I.N.S. correspondent he was one of the first news writers to report the "shoestring offensive" in Tunisia and the invasion of Algiers "carried out by amazingly few troops." When Lowell Bennet left London he did not know where he was going. It was an "assignment to nowhere." Only a few officers of the huge convoy knew where the ships, the tanks, the men were bound. Norway? The Middle East? India? It was Oran, the men found out after ten days of guessing.

Mr. Bennet writes the first accurate —and amusing—story of the pioneer invasion of "Hitler's Empire." He flew with the American parachutists and watched them capture an airfield. He met General Kenneth Anderson, commander of the first British Army. He was bombed and scared to death when the Stukas strafed his car.

There were many things which surprised him. First: The Allies were gambling that they could get into Tunis before too many Germans arrived, and that gamble was to fail. Second: The French troops had no ammunition. Third: Perhaps less than fifty per cent of the population in Algeria and Tunisia thought of General de Gaulle as anything but a renegade, a deserter, and a war monger. Fourth: The British and American airmen invariably ran into stronger formations of enemy fighters than their own number. "You cannot beat Germans just because Germans are Europeans. The only way to win is to get more fire power, more mobility, and more guts." Lowell Bennet also found that not only the American troops but also the British Tommies were "damn fine fighters."

"Assignment to Nowhere" is an honest and exciting war book of historical value. It is swift moving, thoughtful, and often dramatic. This reviewer enjoyed it immensely.

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The Year of World Decision

12 MONTHS THAT CHANGED THE WORLD. By Larry Lesueur. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 345 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

"BUT perhaps," writes CBS correspondent Larry Lesueur, "the prime reason for our belief that the Soviet Union would collapse was due to lack of understanding of the remarkably efficient methods of the Communist zealots in organizing the civilian population for total war, together with our unbelief in the incredible sacrifices the Russians would endure to defend their land."

The efficient methods and the incredible sacrifices loom large in Mr. Lesueur's diary of his year in the embattled Soviet. He was particularly impressed by the tremendous and vital war effort of Russia's women. When he returned to the United States in November, 1942, he was "startled to see so many men doing what I now considered women's work."

When the veteran broadcaster of the Battles of France and Britain set out for Russia in October, 1941, the German army was well on its headlong way to Moscow. "This might be a last-minute opportunity to see the gigantic Russian 'test-tube' and to examine the Russian experiment before it burst like a bubble in front of the German tanks." He had no sooner set foot on Russian soil than the sight of a prison corps straining by night to unload lend-lease war equipment told him that the war was not over. Russia was not giving up.

On his arduous seventeen-day odyssey from Archangel to Kuibyshev he continued to see evidence of the country's hidden strength. Trains of factory workers were being moved along with their machines from the conquered west to the Urals and Siberia. The ruddy-faced workers took the appalling hardships of the evacuation in their stride, coöperating cheerfully and confidently in the government's program to save the fatherland. Mr. Lesueur saw that the Soviet leaders had long ago taken into consideration the possibility of a German drive deep into Russia. They even had alternate bridges hidden for use in case the Germans bombed the existing structures.

Mr. Lesueur visited the Moscow front almost on the heels of Hitler's retreating army. From the insufficiently clad dead and imprisoned Germans he could see that the Nazi high command had planned less realistically than the Soviets. And throughout his year's stay the realism of the all-out Soviet war program grew clear to him in manifold ways—in the harsh treatment of factory deserters, in the intensive work-unit schedule for farmers, in the remarkable medical set-up, in the provisions for "Bisprizorni" (homeless children), in the internment of General Doolittle's captured flyers, in the less than enthusiastic reception accorded Wendell Willkie, in Stalin's epochal interview with the war correspondents, in the sensational Stalin-Churchill conference.

The Japanese correspondents and diplomats, according to Mr. Lesueur, did nothing to increase their popularity among the foreign correspondents. The Nipponese delegation guffawed at him on one occasion when he escorted a young Chinese woman to the opera.

"12 Months that Changed the World" makes brisk and lively reading. Mr. Lesueur gives us the human equation of Russia's military strength. He shows us Soviet youth dancing, flirting, cheering their favorite ballerina—confident of Russian victory. He introduces us to ten-year-old patriots crippled for life in defense of their homeland, housewives building barricades and digging tank-traps, a woman pilot who led an all-male squadron of heavy night bombers. His story goes far to explain why "Stalingrad was not a decisive battle for Russia, but a decisive battle for Germany." This is an objective and honest book.

How Macy's Got That Way

HISTORY OF MACY'S OF NEW YORK. By Ralph M. Hower. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1943. 500 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ROBERT STRUNSKY

A FEW months ago Macy's published a full page advertisement in the New York papers announcing that its sales for the year 1942 amounted to slightly more than $100,000,000. This was an all-time record for the store, although it was closely approximated in 1929 when the volume of sales was just under $99,000,000.

You get a graphic picture of the spectacular growth of the business by comparing these sales figures with those of the year 1870. In that year the volume of sales was slightly more than $1,000,000, according to the private ledger kept by Mr. La Forge, one of the partners. In seventy-two years Macy's went from a million-dollar business to a hundred million-dollar business. It went from a four-story dry goods store at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street to the largest store in the world, covering the entire block between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, and 34th and 35th Streets.

Professor Hower has written both a scholarly and completely fascinating story of how it got that way. He tells the history of Rowland H. Macy's first two merchandising failures. He describes the founder's first year in New York in 1858 when R. H. Macy & Company was established and introduced the policy of selling for cash only. He recounts in vivid detail the gradual acquisition of the store by the Straus family.

If you were to ask the woman in the street what Macy's means to her you would probably get one of two answers. You might even get both. She would say that (1) she usually manages to get things cheaper at Macy's, and (2) she usually can find what she wants at Macy's. These two opinions lie deep in the subconscious of the 137,000 customers that shop at Macy's daily. They outweigh and overbalance all other considerations. The woman who says, "I just hate to shop at Macy's," is actually one of Macy's most devoted and regular customers. Indeed, it is nothing less than remarkable how many people who express this view keep going back day in and day out, year in and year out, generation in and generation out.

The opinion that it's apt to be cheaper at Macy's goes back to the earliest years of the business. In selling for cash only, Rowland H. Macy

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When Macy's began to emphasize style, 1919. From an old advertisement.

made it his continuing policy to undersell all competitors. This policy which is one of the cornerstones of the department store has been jealously preserved throughout the years. As Professor Hower says, it has been responsible for many bitter conflicts between Macy's, its manufacturers, and its fellow retailers. The account of these conflicts is one of the most compelling parts of the book.

The opinion that you're pretty sure to find it at Macy's, is based on a policy initiated by the Straus family when they first took over the store. Briefly this policy called for the widest possible assortments of merchandise constantly maintained. That is why a few years ago you could find 186 different kinds of cheese in Macy's Grocery Department.

The story of Macy's is by far the most comprehensive and definitive account so far published. It is simultaneously a revealing picture of the place retailing occupies in the national economy. It should be of immediate and vital interest, naturally, to everyone engaged in the retail industry. But its appeal extends even beyond this to the millions of men and women who have pushed through the revolving doors of "The World's Largest Store" during the past forty years.

Literary Panorama

CAVALCADE OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Edward Wagenknecht. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 646 *pp. Indices.* $4.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS book is much the best history yet written of the English novel and novelists. To begin with, Dr. Wagenknecht has a gusto that equals George Saintsbury's, and the width of his reading may not be unfairly compared to that giant's; then his enjoyment is infectious, and his learning is used, finely and modestly, not arrogantly displayed. His taste is catholic, his judgment generally fine, and if one differs from him he always gives you enough material for you to justify your disagreement. Finally he treats the novel as an art, writes about it—not about social, political, economic conditions, except in so far as they throw a light on a particular book or author. He would, I imagine, be proud to call himself as Virginia Woolf called herself, The Common Reader.

I have complaints to make—but scarcely any criticisms. I am sorry, for instance, that a man of such attainments should have excluded the short story, except incidentally, from this survey; but he was entitled to fix his own boundaries. I think it would have been better had he omitted Scotch and Irish novels, as he has omitted American: I suppose he thought he could not do without Sir Walter, and indeed it is hard to see how he could—yet I'm sure he realizes that his treatment of nineteenth century and contemporary Scotch and Irish authors is inadequate—and is it accident, or a precise interpretation of "English," that accounts for the omission of some modern Welsh novelists — Richard Hughes, Charles Morgan, Hilda Vaughan, Caradoc Evans, and the two Powyses, John Cowper and Theodore?

Dr. Wagenknecht begins with the Elizabethan novel, and ends with Walter de la Mare. He is equally at home with the great originators of English fiction, their successors, and the moderns; and his attitude to the idols of the day is refreshingly free from that slightly alarmed deference which marks too much criticism of contemporaries. He is magnificently enthusiastic about such great men as Scott and Dickens, and can appreciate their lesser contemporaries with a nice justice. He is excellent on Mrs. Gaskell, often so unduly neglected, and his section on Stevenson shows an admirable capacity to keep his head on a subject so violently and hotly controversial.

It is remarkable that in this book, covering so extensive a field, the novel from Hardy to the present day receives fuller and more intelligent handling than in many books devoted entirely to contemporary fiction. If I complain of certain omissions, I must first say how surprising it is Dr. Wagenknecht has included as much as he has. Here is justice given to Maurice Hewlett, for instance, and a brief and discerning tribute to Arthur Machen. Dr. Wagenknecht, however, —it is the only fault he shares with some historians who have nothing of his talent—neglects the lighter side of English fiction: there is no word about Anstey, or "Elizabeth," or Leonard Merrick, to name only three, the first of whom had an influence on H. G. Wells's earlier and better stories. No doubt Barry Pain and W. W. Jacobs are unmentioned because their most remarkable work is in the short story. Women scarcely have justice done to them: the fine analysis of Dorothy Richardson's work cannot quite make up for the omission of Ethel Colburn Mayne, Stella Benson, and Rose Macaulay. Space should have been found for the political satires of Hilaire Belloc, Hugh Benson's curious, nervous fiction and Chesterton's gay adventures into imaginative fantasy. I must, however, end this notice with gratitude and praise for the book's final chapter in which Dr. Wagenknecht has really done justice to the fiction of that great master of evocative prose, Walter de la Mare, and produced as sensitive and intelligent an appraisal of his work as I have read.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 487)

J. SWIFT:
POLITE CONVERSATION

But, pray, why is it called a Sirloin? Why . . . our King James the First, who loved good eating, being invited to dinner by one of the nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, drew out his sword and, in a frolic, knighted it.

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The Dimensional Writing of Dorothy Baker

TRIO. By Dorothy Baker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MRS. BAKER'S novel is a beautiful fragment of work. It is not successful, not any sort of consummation, yet it has the qualities of art in it and serves to remind us how long we have been waiting for something else by the writer of "Young Man with a Horn." "Trio" is very much like some of those preliminary or merely isolated drawings by a painter—we think of da Vinci's sketches of faces, hands, torsos. Two of the characters in this book have that isolated definitive quality, Pauline Maury, a critic and professor of French literature, and Janet Logan, her student, disciple, and, it turns out, captive. Making up the trio there is Ray McKenzie, a young man who struggles, quite literally, with Pauline for the soul and body of Janet. He is not as well done—it is difficult to explain why. Mrs. Baker has tried as hard with him; perhaps that is it. She tries with McKenzie, but with the two women every stroke is easy and right and incomparably perfect. Without quoting one line after another, and the book is filled with quotable lines, it is possible only to say that Mrs. Baker has managed here to wed the word absolutely to the face, the look, the gesture, and tone. The subtle has been given dimensions. It is quite clear over and over again how marvelous are the perceptions of Mrs. Baker, and how masterful their translation.

Why, then, is this not a whole or satisfying work? It is not, first, because it suffers from the distortions and limitations of a theatrical approach. It is actually arranged in a three-part, three-act form; each of these is static, and depends upon talk for its development. And the characters are moved about so fortuitously, according to such patent stage direction, that it becomes embarrassing. At critical moments, enter Pauline, or enter Ray—they have been waiting outside for their cues. The drawing up of strings at the end: the accusing letter, Pauline's collapse, Janet's decision to surrender her own plan of escape, and the pistol shot in the closed room, Pauline's salutary suicide—it is all too contrived. This atmosphere of contrivance is a destructive element in the story. It is the sort of thing we accept within the tradition of the theater, on the boards. In the novel—well, it sticks, it is wooden, it is theatrical.

And, second, Mrs. Baker has refused to come to any grips at all with her theme. For the hold Pauline has upon Janet is homosexual; the thing is brought out quite climactically and brings Ray to tears. But that is all. It exists because it is mentioned, no other way. Yet this is a compelling thing, a whole way of life, and can be treated honestly and with beauty. (I am thinking now of a short novel by Gale Wilhelm.) Mrs. Baker lets it hang as an ominous and unlighted backdrop. This is evasion and creates only a sense of irrelevance. As a matter of fact, the way the book is written, Pauline's dominance might well be due to natural influence, her talents and maturity, personality, drive for power. The theme of homosexuality forms only a useless tangent. For these reasons this beautiful piece of writing remains only that. "Young Man with a Horn," more sprawling and less tooled a piece of work, but also more genuine, product of more profound understanding, was a better book. We don't want another "Young Man"—but something just as good.

Dorothy Baker

Anything Can Happen, and Did

I AM THINKING OF MY DARLING. By Vincent McHugh. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 292 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY DAWSON

IF ever a book deserves to be described as "summer fiction" this one does. Light, amusing and fast moving, it takes the reader—whom one visualizes as lying on the grass somewhere with a long cold drink beside him—for a quick tour of New York. But this is a New York in the spell of a peculiar fever which releases the inhibitions of a good part of the population, all of whom begin to blow horns, run around the streets, and make love to members of the opposite sex with complete and childish freedom.

Starting with the premise that a thing like this can and does happen, an author can manage to round up a good deal of fun for the reader. And Vincent McHugh has the added advantage of knowing the city very well, so that his trips to the City Hall, hospital research clinics, and all points of the compass have a ring of authenticity about them. As for the plot—he doesn't bother much about that, as why should he? Presumably the plot revolves about the search made by Jim Rowan for his actress wife, who has taken the fever and is out on a jaunt of free and easy adventures in various unlikely places. Jim's search leads him through several adventures with amorous ladies, into various bars and restaurants, and hither and thither on all the main arteries of New York. The main thread of the story also takes up the causes, cure, and possible results of the fever as they are studied by scientists, educators, and city officials.

Our good friend Jim is made executive assistant to the acting Mayor and proceeds to cope with the emergency which faces the city. This is the best angle of the book, because it almost starts one to wondering what *would* happen if a large proportion of the population of New York suddenly began to act like children at an annual picnic.

As fantasy, it's better than some and not up to the heights of the best. Comparing the atmosphere of New York on a holiday as created by Mr. McHugh, to the endless Yorkshire holiday which Eric Knight created in his short story "Never Come Monday," the difference in grades of believable fantasy becomes apparent. There is an everyday authenticity about the Yorkshire story which Mr. McHugh never quite achieves, with all his knowledge of his locale.

But who can quarrel with a book like this? It's fun—and it has some touches in it which are really high points of escapism, and pleasant to dwell on. It's a nice book to give to someone laid up in a hospital, or to send to your favorite Private, or even to read yourself, if you have a weekend off and a hammock to lie in.

WAR BONDS SAVE LIVES

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THE FLIGHT OF THE JACKAL

THERE is a windfall in story material for writers in the portentous and ignominious slide of Benito Mussolini. We should be considerably surprised if the rise and fall of this vest-pocket Caesar doesn't serve as an inexhaustible source of supply for writers of almost every field and inclination.

For the historian, of course, the formal end of the Mussolini regime will become a landmark of considerable importance—in the same way that the March on Rome twenty-one years ago was a landmark. When the high-stepping Benito marched into Rome and let loose the germs of a disease that eventually was to infect part of the world and involve the rest of it in a life-and-death struggle, he marked the beginning of an era. There can be little doubt that a retrospective view of this war will show that Mussolini's exit will be similarly symbolic as a forerunner of the final liquidation of the Fascist-Nazi circus, with all its personnel and trappings. It is not merely a twenty-year cycle of Italian history that is involved here, but a full-scale period of world history.

For the writer of political affairs, the Italian debacle has implications and a significance stretching out far beyond the event itself. So totalitarianism was "inevitable," was it? And what has happened to that pretty little theory about the wave of the future; what about that pseudo-intellectual mumbo-jumbo about political or historical cycles which left democracy behind in their natural course and which have embraced Fascism as the logical expression of the forces of the future? They are gone with the windbag. They are gone because there is no such thing as a wave of the future, because the future belongs to those who are willing to work for it and fight for it against whatever may stand in the way. The job for these writers is to drive home with force and clarity the absurdity of all arguments seeking to produce not only a feeling of inferiority but an unblushing scorn towards democratic institutions.

For the novelist or playwright, the career of Mussolini himself is almost bottomless in its dramatic possibilities. Here is the story of a young idealist and socialist, a dry-eyed humanitarian who was not long in learning and in appreciating the effects and benefits of demagoguery, and who instinctively turned to the highest bidder. The idealism and the socialism are soon discarded even for the purposes of window-dressing. All that counts now is power for the regime—power to perpetuate itself in power, power to increase its power, power to conquer and to kill. Notice the corrupting and corroding effects of unlimited personal power and personal glory. Notice how the Duce takes to pomp and circumstance. Watch him revel in bombast, the inexhaustible efflatus pouring out of the prognathous jaw. Look at him flail his arms and thresh the wind. See him strut in his pretty little uniform on his pretty little balcony, for it was there, as Eleanor and Reynolds Packard have written, that the actual limits of his empire were to be found.

For all writers, regardless of their field, what happened in Italy last week has highlighted an attitude among the American people which augurs well for our ability to handle the problem of organizing the affairs of the Italian people until such time as they themselves are able to build on a foundation compatible with world peace. In the reactions of America toward Italy as an enemy, there was apparent no "propaganda line" leading us to condemn all Italians indiscriminately. We have separated the Italian people from their Fascist rulers; no one in public life has tried to make us believe that to kill fascism you would have to kill all Italians. We are able to come into Italy not as invaders or conquerors but as liberators. As for our propaganda against Italy, it should be obvious by this time that our army has given us the best propaganda possible. Our victories have an eloquence difficult to improvise or improve upon.

H. S.

Poems from Wyoming

By Florida Watts Smyth

THE upper pasture is a windy place
Of many fences and of gates so tight
With barbed wire loops on posts, no horse or steer
Can work them loose, slow-rubbing day and night.

If you pack salt up there, you'd better take
An old cow-hand along and when you come
To a gate, let him climb down to work it loose,
Pushing and pulling with an iron thumb.

ALWAYS a mountain crowds the valley roads.
Here on the crest we lean from the edge of the woods
As if suspended over creeks and draws.
We are the mountain, governed by its laws.
We hold the valley in one great eye-sweep,
We hold it breathless, hushed and half-asleep.
Only the slow shadows of clouds move there
Across the pastures; not a grazing mare
Raises her head; trees, bushes are so still,
So sharp-outlined that every pinnacle
Of green stands up. We hold it lightly, knowing
This world will wake with the first wind blowing.

THE black-faced sheep crowd closer as we pass,
Moving in waves, flowing across the hills
Of their mountain pasture; cropping the summer grass.
A lone sheepherder rides along the crest.
Were this a cowboy, he would not tend sheep
Nor drive them down to the barns when autumn comes
Nor work in lambing time. The men that keep
Watch here are Czechs and Slovaks, shepherd-born,
Who live all summer in a flapping tent
High on the ridges of our continent.

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Is Capital Cashing In on the War?

The author of the following letter is a former president of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. He is now serving as president of City Stores Mercantile Company, Inc.

SIR: The exchange between Messrs. Lamont and Benét is a service for which the public is indebted to *The Saturday Review of Literature*. In the light of it, I am prompted to state my credo as a business man.

It is no reflection at all upon our history that sober and thinking men feel that the pattern of the past is not good enough as a pattern for the future.

Let us deal with concepts needed for this new pattern. What do we have to work with in arranging or re-arranging our American values to build not only a mass production and mass distribution, but a mass civilization? There are the Public, Government, Industry (Capital, Commerce, and Agriculture), and Labor. Each must, once and for all, give up its obdurate "isolationisms." I am not referring to the isolationism associated with foreign policy, but to a domestic isolationism —the bitter civil war between groups who press for their own advantage against the interests of the whole people—who outsmart and oversell themselves and ironically kill off the production employment and purchasing power that we must have? America no longer has a framework of policy. It is a confusing circus of woozy acrobats all juggling for position and making the President an unhappy Master of Ceremonies. The word "interdependence" is as important within America as outside it. Isolationism of effort, of policy, of practice, is in itself the chief form of aggression, the chief invasion of our power and capacity as a people. While we must look towards a world citizenry, essentially our citizenship begins at home. There is no use talking about the details of post-war business and life until we settle this. It is not enough to argue about corporate reserves as Mr. Lamont does, because, while this is immediate, we shall see that the functions of capital within democratic ideals depends upon major fundamentals which dwarf the problem he touches.

In examining the need of each of the various groups to change its concepts, we begin with Government. Government on the one hand is no longer a mere framework of political science. It is a dynamic machine which fits people to the need of the times. We must give full and complete usage to its force and its decisive power. For its part, Government must lead in the movement to put our National Counting House into balance. It must, itself, seek Order with a capital "O" and settle the boundary lines where the field of liberty of enterprise begins and ends, and where the field of Government starts and finishes.

"Can't you tell them to stop calling us Girl Scouts?"

The People must change their concepts. So many are ready to die for their country. How many are willing to think for their country? People must be aware of the new Freedoms. One might be and has been called the Fifth Freedom—the right to choose—choose access to opportunity, choose the right to have living standards rise in an orderly and dynamic way and as a continuous expression of democratic power. They must insist upon the right to their money's worth. The people must change away from political outlines as a basis for suffrage and see more the economic and human forces which are the true logic of the times.

Industry needs a vital change of concept. Latterly, it has undergone some departure from its archaic thinking. Its sights have been widened and, notwithstanding caustic criticism, it has brought its viewpoints into a closer comity with the forthcoming world. Industry is at an important crossroad of history, not industrial history, but the history of democratic experience. Industry now faces a need to adopt a new *first* concept—that its right to exist does not depend upon charters or articles of incorporation or agreements or legal rights. Its right to exist depends solely upon the continuity of public good-will and the instinctive understanding of the people as to their rights. There lies here no suggestion that the "due process clause" of the Constitution can be ignored. But there also lies here the concept that there is a public equity in private property and that no man can use his rights, privileges, grants, or property in a way which violates the fundamental needs of a good society. No longer can we rest on technical rights any more than the happy man depends upon a marriage certificate. Woe awaits the man who enters a living room or boudoir and looks for devotion based upon his legal rights.

Industry must also guarantee in effect to function the economic machine. Yet industry only two years ago, in pamphlets issued by a prominent association of manufacturers, said this it could not do. Industry must do its share in seeing to it that the people are not disfranchised; for no man belongs to any society who is willing to work yet can't find the right to do it—in other words, the right to *choose* to work. We need a half century to work out the details.

Generalizations such as Mr. Benét's complaint about the large bonuses being paid to executives are too glib. These bonuses have little or no effect upon our standards of living. It is not our understanding of these problems which is the trouble. The root of the matter is in our basic concepts.

The conception of the market-place, for example, needs drastic revision. Retailing, by and large, has brought an unprecedented measure of comfort and culture to our people. Yet we as merchants have never understood that there are unseen public rights which carry with them an element of trusteeship. The customers' dollars must be used to create production, to stimulate employment, to expand the market. They cannot be used wastefully. There is no need here to detail those forces and practices which stifle and hamper the distribution of goods and resources. What should concern us are the remedies.

It is not the salesmanship of the seller which must concern us, but the

In an attempt to catch up somewhat with the unprecedented volume of letters sent to this page in recent weeks, The Saturday Review *devotes five pages this issue, instead of the usual one, to readers' correspondence.*

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buymanship of the customer. We do not need an SEC for merchandise, but something of the same spirit to inform the customer, to reduce overstatement and to effect a full protection of purchasing power. We must avoid the wastes, particularly the inordinately high rental costs which take a tremendous toll, not only of production but of the market place. The rental of corners in our bigger cities saps the vitality out of the customer's dollar and is a direct attack upon real wages. There is need of land reform; reform that will not permit the sweat and toil and progress of a community to be capitalized by the incidence of ownership and which will compel the opening of the soil to opportunity.

Labor has to change its concept. I am among those who optimistically look at labor antics with the good humored feelings that their "Big Boys" are brothers under the skin with "Big Boys" of Industry. Most of them believe they are like God and find it difficult to perceive the difference. They are in the middle of growing pains. Still, Industry itself has taken a long time to overcome adolescence. Labor must see eventually that it cannot contribute to full employment if it oversells its position. Finally, labor and capital both can profit from a change of outlook as to coöperation. Too often the relation has been one of tolerance and tolerance is the lowest form of human coöperation.

This is my credo as a business man. In stating it, I expressly shy away from too much "realism." A realist is too often a man who senses economic weaknesses and tries to capitalize upon them. This is an attempt to state a platform based more on a human and imaginative approach to our problems. It is important to have the last available penny in each pay envelope. It is important to have the net profit figure on the operating sheet as high as it can be made. It is likewise infinitely more important that we shall not, as Lincoln warned, "try to escape history."

SAUL COHN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Your suspicion that Industry is growing too fat during this war has a strong basis in fact. That part of the fabulous war debt the United States is running up which is not spent abroad turns up as profits, savings, and reduced debts. Thus every billion dollars borrowed by the government increases by its amount the net worth of industry and the people. From the figures I have seen, savings and debt liquidations represent only a small part of the total fund our government has borrowed to pay for the war. The greater part of our war debt, therefore, measures profits that have come to investors whether they are "Big Boys," little boys, farmers, or independent artisans.

Our capitalist system is efficient, progressive, and beyond the dreams of its most ardent supporters. Unfortunately, both its supporters and opponents are grossly ignorant of its principles, mechanics, and possibilities. Our present incorrect concepts of capitalism must inevitably lead to unemployment, discontent, and gross lack of confidence in our capitalist system.

J. L.

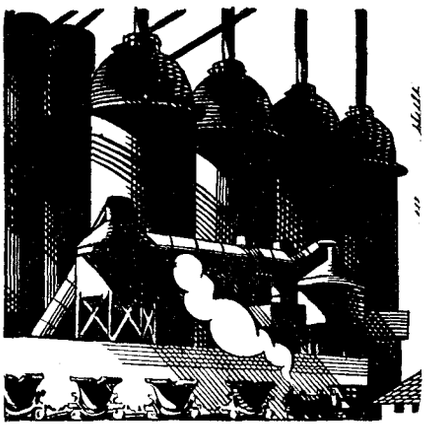
New York, N. Y.

The author of the following letter was formerly associated with The Daily Investment News *and* The Wall Street Journal.

SIR: Your readers have been diligently informed by Mr. Lamont that it is an egregious error to suppose, as Mr. Benét wrote, that "capital is cashing in on the war." Mr. Lamont quotes the comment, for the sake of quashing the horrid suspicion, that "Congress is still squeamish about dipping deep into war profits." He says moreover, that "many of our industrial concerns under present tax legislation, far from cashing in on the war, are more likely to be dangerously depleting the corporate reserves they will surely need to meet the task of reconversion of their plants from war uses." And finally, to prove your case, he offers Mr. Benét a table of financial figures—a vigorously touted and banker-beloved financial table that shows, with blood and tears streaming down the cheeks of every dollar mark, the heroic sacrifice being made by American corporations, some forty of them.

These forty corporate heroes are not named by Mr. Lamont; and I, less moved by their valor, see no especial reason for summoning forth by individual name these Unknown Soldiers. Nevertheless, since I am familiar with the composition of this corporate army, I drop the informative remark that this list of forty leading firms includes such representative companies as Allis-Chalmers, American Locomotive, American Woolen, Bethlehem Steel, Crucible Steel, Johns-Manville, and Sloss-Sheffield Steel. Well, Mr. Benét and his fellow-readers of Mr. Lamont's open letter may be interested to know, considering the pathetic plight of these forty companies, that the common share earnings of the particular firms just mentioned were actually larger in the taxridden year 1942 than in the haloed and hallelujahed year 1929.

Now, the table Mr. Lamont proffered shows that the gross dollar business of these forty leading manufacturers



in 1942 rose twenty-four per cent above 1941, payrolls rose thirty-six per cent, taxes rose twenty per cent, but net income itself, "far from cashing in on the war," actually fell twenty-three per cent. And it is this last-named item, this doleful decline in net income after all costs and taxes, that you, and many bankers, and multitudes of newspapers, see fit to publicize. The manifest purpose in publicizing such a dolorous picture of declining profits is to induce every American to whip out a pocket handkerchief and start bawling into it.

Mr. Lamont specifically said, regarding the melancholy figures he quoted: "They tell the story." With all the weight of his name and financial position, he affirmed that "it is the Government, which certainly needs the money, and not the corporations, that has been doing the 'cashing in'."

For three separate reasons which I shall now proceed to enumerate, hardly could these statements be more misleading.

First: Mr. Lamont must be aware, though Mr. Benét and large sections of the public are probably quite innocently unaware, that the term "net income" as used by most corporations today is a weasel-infested term, a grave misnomer. By traditional practices in accounting, net income for many years past has signified the balance of profits netted after the deduction of all costs for materials, labor, depreciation, bond interest and amortization charges, and taxes both State and Federal. This residue is what the public understand as "net income." But, though Mr. Lamont neglects to tell Mr. Benét so, a new item has recently entered the picture and has discolored it. Something new has not been added; something brand-new has been diligently subtracted. This brand-new deduction, ranging anywhere from $100,000 to $25,000,000 annually for each corporation, is an item lifted boldly and bodily from true net income; whereupon, after this large extra deduction has been made, the diminished residue is put forward as actual net income.

What is this curious deduction? Well, it is not the cost of materials or wages, as you know; it is not the cost of bond interest or taxes. It is simply an arbitrary figure, often a large figure, the larger the better, named "post-war contingencies." In other words, this large and arbitrary deduction is not a current cost of any kind; it is a guess. It is a guess made in the dark, since nobody knows how long the war will last. It is a guess on the degree of corporate letdown after the war. This guess, this device whereby today's net income is being sedulously charged with tomorrow's possible losses, is not a concealed piece of bookkeeping, for it appears on the income statement of a corporation. So far it is honest. But so far as the diminished residue is set forth as "net income" and then translated into reduced share earnings it is dishonest. It dislocates the true picture of current earnings, and (without a word

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about it) it invades the very table that Mr. Lamont has publicized.

Just for an example. General Motors is one of his forty corporate heroes. Well, for the year 1942, General Motors boldly and bodily lifted approximately $24,000,000 from its true net income, charging this to the aforesaid "contingencies." Reported share earnings were, in consequence, sharply lower than they would have been otherwise—than they were actually.

Second: To compare 1942 net earnings with 1941 or even with 1940 is misleading. Scores of American industries began to share in war profits during 1940; and by the latter part of 1941 dozens of them had reached a profit plateau that had no precedent at all in their history. In the hope of catching up with these spiraling profits, and because of grave national need, Federal taxes were increased sharply—so sharply that net profits in 1942 did indeed, in a number of cases, fail to attain the 1941 level. But that proves nothing, nothing at all, about war profits. The fact of being smaller does not argue smallness. The base whereby you measure 1942 was so far from being at sea-level that it was a pinnacle. The very first and cardinal principle of a true and just comparison —namely, a two- or three-year prewar period—is dishonored and dismembered by just such a fixed-up table as Mr. Lamont has publicized.

Third: The picture of corporate sacrifice startlingly omits an enormous American industry which sweeps our land from coast to coast and which, although not manufacturing war goods, is doing something quite as important —namely, carrying war goods.

I refer to railroads.

Mr. Lamont neglected to remind Mr. Benét that one of the greatest of our national industries, embracing scores of corporations great and little, not only grossed more money than it ever had grossed in all history but, in large sectors of this industrial empire, netted more, much more, than in the dizzy peak years of 1928 and 1929 and 1937. And to top that, as you also failed to mention, many railroads, after breaking all profit records in 1942, are now, right in the middle of 1943, actually ahead of the comparable period a year ago.

These are three counts, Mr. Lamont, against your analysis. You say not a word about the present corporate practice of charging tomorrow's potential losses against today's net income; you avoid all profit comparisons that have validity, and, for a third vagary, explicable only in the mind of a banker, you pass clean over several billion dollars' worth of railroads which are snorting with profits. You set forth a financial table, presumably representing profit trends in this country, profit trends that "tell the story," as if our nation's war goods were being trundled to the battlefield, free, in wheelbarrows.

But there is a fourth count. This count has to do with the United States Government.

You have stated over your name, over the name of the Chairman of the Board of Directors of J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., that "it is the Government, and not the corporations, that has been 'cashing in'." In the Government's fiscal year 1943-1944, just opened last July 1, total Government expenditures will be around $104,000,000,000, mostly for war purposes. In that same period, the Government will collect around $37,000,000,000 in taxes. In other words, about thirty-six per cent of total Government expenditures during the present fiscal year will be covered by revenue from earnings, as they might be called, in the form of taxes; the balance of costs, or about sixty-four per cent of the Government's running expenses, will be met by borrowing.

And you, Mr. Lamont, call this "cashing in!"

You do not call it cashing in, but just scraping along somehow, when J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc., earns its $6.00 stock dividend more than two-and-a-half times over, as it did in 1942 when it earned $16.26 per share. You do not call it cashing in when some of the corporations, in the very list you presented to Mr. Benét, earned in 1942, as I have shown, more cash per share of common stock than they did even in 1929. Oh, no! But the Government, not the corporations, is cashing in. And those are your words, your very own words, printed over your name and intended to pulverize the name of Mr. Benét and millions of persons who may not be sufficiently versed in financial facts to pulverize a few things right straight back at you.

In behalf of the readers who may be pulverized by your letter, I have opened up some facts that you shut down on.

WINTHROP PARKHURST.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: What justification is there for permitting your columns to be used for dissemination of such malicious untruth and such unfair appeals to class prejudice as are contained in Mr. Benét's venture into the field of political economics? In time of peace it might be excused as a rather far-fetched instance of poetic license, but it so happens that we are at war and are sadly lacking in national unity largely because radicals of the Benét type seek to use the war to advance their cock-eyed philosophies.

Mr. Lamont, in his courteous way, exposed the falsity of the Benét charge that capital is profiting from this world-wide conflict. Every informed person knows that capital—including both the big and little investor—is a war casualty, just as they know that the only ones to profit from the sweat and blood and tears are greedy and arrogant union labor and the other pressure groups that constitute our "popular front."

In his reply to Mr. Lamont, Mr. Benét displays an ignorance of both economics and politics which borders on the grotesque.

Just what ideals are we fighting for? To destroy the system of free enterprise at which Mr. Benét sneers, and to set up in its place an evil totalitarian system such as that of Germany or Soviet Russia? If he thinks so, he should see that splendid film Prelude to War or, better still, talk to some of the boys who are back from the Pacific and North Africa. Perhaps they might convince him that the button-hole makers of Union Square and their literary propagandists are no more qualified to say what we are fighting for and against than were the tailors of Tooley Street to speak for the people of Great Britain.

Is Mr. Benét laying the groundwork

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for the post-war libel that capital instigated this conflict? In so doing he would merely be following the party line that was adhered to by enemies of the American system during the days of reckoning that followed World War 1.

FREDERICK B. WRIGHT.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Lamont says he had personal knowledge that taxes were "dangerously depleting" corporate reserves. . . . Representative Engels (Rep., Mich.) also has personal knowledge about corporate tax matters, but his widely differs from Mr. Lamont's. Engels reported to the House, on July 2, that forty-eight corporations holding war contracts have made "sensational excessive profits" by figuring their taxes as a part of the cost of production which is paid by the government. During the last two years, he said, this neat little strategem enabled these companies to pass off upon the government three billion dollars in taxes.

"The Government pays these sums out of the Treasury as war costs and they are then paid back into the Treasury as taxes," Rep. Engels said.

Congressman Engels's survey included such companies as the E. I. duPont de Nemours Corp., Wilmington, Del.; the Chrysler Corp.; General Motors Corp.; and the Bethlehem Steel Corp. It showed net corporate earnings ranging as high as 53 per cent of the dollar market stock value in 1941 and 1942. Even greater profits, the report stated, are being made by other companies, whose principal capital is furnished by the government, either directly or through the Defense Plant Corp.

"We find these companies earning a profit on a large government capital, but distributing that profit to a small group of stockholders who have very little capital invested," Engels said. The middle and low income classes are paying a "victory tax," today, because Congress didn't have the intestinal fortitude to institute a good, rigid, corporation excess-profits revenue program. . . .

JAMES SMITH.

San Francisco.

SIR: It looks to me as if Banker Lamont were forcing Poet Benét to fight his kind of controversy. May I, as an experienced banker-heckler, suggest how to catch a banker off balance? Question the picture Mr. Lamont drew of those millions of sturdy farmer-capitalists owning their farms, the "greatest single capital item in our country." In 1936, for instance, it was disclosed in the U. S. Senate that of 107,579 corn-hog farms eligible for A.A.A. benefits, about eighty-two per cent were owned by financial institutions (exact figures: 63,302 owned by insurance companies, 21,447 owned by banks).

While Mr. Lamont is digging up statistics on farm ownership to parry the evidence of banker-control just cited, Mr. Benét can toss a Sunday punch at him with Congressman Jerry Voorhis's new book, "Out of Debt, Out of Danger." This punch will be all the more surprising because Mr. Voorhis's critique of financial orthodoxy is being ignored by the "free" press Mr. Lamont assures us we have in America.

GORHAM MUNSON.

New York, N. Y.

The Lamartine Hat

SIR: The letter published in your columns explaining how a style in millinery began in Paris is not only suggestive of how in perhaps the same way literary styles also start, but reminds me of an experience I had in Beverly Hills, at the big Hotel there Easter night this year in designing a hat for an exiled American Countess from Paris. It might be amusing to your readers and so I shall pass it along.

The custom at the Hotel on Easter night is to select ten men from those having dinner to design ten hats for ten women guests. The winner is given a bottle of the best California champagne. The materials from which the hats are made comes from the kitchen: it is a long table full of all sorts of odds and ends like cotten dish-mops (new), small brushes, heads of lettuce, and stalks of celery, carrots, and radishes. Also clothes-pins, celluloid red-white-and blue windmills children use to play with, pasteboard picnic plates, paper cups, and countless other objects.

The ten women selected by the ten men are seated at one table, and, at the stroke of a gong, the ten men rush, with hands filled with all of those miscellaneous things which they believe might be integrated into some form of a head piece, within a specified time, attempt to pin, tie, wrap, drape, or in some way attach the stuff to the ten heads so it resembles a hat. Then, the ten women parade about, to the tune of songs like "Where Did You Get That Hat," or something equally as pleasant, and after a few circlings of the ballroom, each one individually is brought to the front of the room, where by applause, the audience indicates its favorite selection.

Content Johnson's sketch of the hat that won first prize for John G. Moore.

I was selected as one of the ten and for my model, I picked out a Countess—literally from Iowa—who had lived in Paris most of her life, the widow of a famous Diplomat. Springing at a picnic plate, a dishmop, some celery, lettuce, mosquito netting, clothes-pins, and one of the red-white-and blue windmills on a stick, I brought it all into some resemblance to a hat. Despite the fact that at least three quite famous movie stars were in the parade, and other well known men had designed the other nine hats, mine was given the most applause, and so our table got the bottle of wine.

Miss Content Johnson, the artist, was with us and sketched the hat on a card I had in my pocket (sketch enclosed).

In the event the sketch is not self-explanatory, the brim is the picnic plate, the hang-down-behind is a kitchen mop, the stove-pipe effect is a large size paper cup, and the rest is celery, lettuce, veil, and celluloid wind-mill.

I fully expect to see this style soon seriously designed.

JOHN G. MOORE.

Hollywood.

SIR: Perhaps there is still opportunity for a woman's last word in the Battle of the Hats:

PLEA TO A MAD HATTER

There may be no meat on the platter,
No coffee, nor butter for bread;
It all seems a trivial matter
So long as I have on my head

A fluff and a puff and a whimsy
Suggestive of Salvador Dali,
Irrelevant, flaunting and flimsy,
A symbol of feminine folly.

Not anchored, 'tis true, to my cranium
By ribbon, elastic, or pin,
This bauble of rose and geranium—
Oh please do not call it a Sin!

If in olden days kerchiefs and garters
Enkindled brave knights to be noble,
Now why should we females be martyrs
When conflicts are said to be global?

For what proffers a pleasant sensation
To uniformed males on Broadway
May set off a cosmic vibration
Extending to distant Bombay.

So, M. Lamartine, though the absence of line
In Madame's chapeau may torment you
With pangs of regret, that you once made a bet,
We pray that it may not prevent you

From accepting our thanks, that while riveting tanks
Or slinging the file and the hammer,
It lifts the morale of each working gal
To think she may still have some glamour.

JUSTINE VAN GUNDY.

Los Angeles.

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"Is Germany Incurable?"

SIR: There will be no disagreement as to the importance of the issues raised in the recent book by Dr. Richard M. Brickner, "Is Germany Incurable?" The fact that you invited a panel discussion by six individuals is sufficient testimony. For this very reason we wish to protest against the fantastic misinterpretation of the book embodied in that panel discussion. With only two exceptions, Dr. Brickner's thesis is distorted to a point at which it becomes unrecognizable. Ideas are attributed to him which he specifically disavows, and the kernel of his argument is omitted.

We believe that certain superficial implications of the title of the book, and that non-luminous heat which psychiatry engenders in some minds, roused in your eminent panel such angry feelings as to make impossible a thoughtful deliberation on the contents of the book.

In order to clear away the resulting fog, we would like to state briefly the precise nature of Dr. Brickner's argument:

(1) Dr. Brickner's arguments are wholly psychiatric, and at no point psychoanalytic.

(2) Dr. Brickner *compares* German behavior and German culture to a condition known as paranoia. Dr. Brickner specifically denies and disavows the idea that *all* Germans, or that even a *majority* of Germans are suffering from that condition or any mental disease.

(3) Dr. Brickner points out that in Germany there has been an increasing ascendency, backed by social and governmental recognition, of the *right to* feel suspicious, to feel surrounded by plotting enemies, to vaingloriousness, to falsify the past, and to regard wanton murder as righteous. This is the attitude and behavior which Dr. Brickner likens to the behavior of a paranoid patient.

(4) Dr. Brickner brings evidence to show that for about 150 years, from the top of the educational hierarchy to the country school, from the ranks of the eminent to the simplest peasant, this consistent pattern of thoughts, feelings, and plans has maintained a dangerously strong and dominating influence among the welter of mixed cultural influences at work in Germany.

(5) Dr. Brickner does not say, and specifically denies, that this has been the only influence at work. He does point out, however, that liberal representatives of German literature, science, art, and culture often had more recognition outside of Germany than in Germany; often failed to receive in Germany the academic recognition that they had earned, and never exercised the dominant influence in German educational and cultural development which they were freely accorded in the outer world.

(6) Dr. Brickner indulges in no speculations as to how this situation came to be. He explicitly leaves this problem to the social historians and limits himself to an objective description of clinical facts, as he finds them. This is sound clinical and scientific methodology: *i.e.*, to observe and describe a condition before you attempt to explain it.

(7) He then carefully points out that latent trends in this direction exist in every human being, in varying degree; and that paranoid leadership, once it has power to exercise an exclusive influence in the affairs of a nation, will gradually bring into power a large number of paranoid-minded and paranoid-hearted people, until this finally becomes the only effective voice of that country. He then points out that by "educational" processes this distorted image can be engrafted as a social ideal on the people as a whole, even on those individuals in whom paranoid mechanisms are of inconsiderable strength. The consequence is that a whole people learns a form of behavior which is not by any means endogenous to it.

(8) Dr. Brickner never says that this *learned* paranoid behavior is identical in all its implications with a *spontaneous* paranoid illness. On the contrary, he points out that the very fact that it has been learned is a most important hope for the future "cure" of Germany. No true paranoid "learns" a form of behavior. No *true* paranoia has ever been either made or cured by a mere change of cultural influences. But what one type of culture can breed, an altered culture can un-breed.

(9) His resulting argument is that the grotesque paranoid pattern which has been forced on German youth for the last hundred and fifty years can be altered if we set our minds to the task of bringing up successive generations of German youth from whose development all such paranoid influences will be rigidly excluded.

(10) In his final chapter Dr. Brickner discusses the problem of re-education in general terms. He does not go into details; but the implication of the chapter is that such a learned paranoid pattern can be unlearned only if its nature and influence on the educational process is kept clearly in mind in formulating the plans for the peace and for the reconstruction of Germany after the peace. He emphasizes the necessity for a careful and minute control of all cultural and educational influences during the period in which those who have learned to behave like paranoids might again corrupt these organs of public education.

* * *

To the undersigned, Dr. Brickner's argument seems to be wholly valid, both scientifically and practically. We recommend it for thoughtful consideration to all of those who are considering these problems seriously. No practical psychiatrist would feel that these grave and complicated problems can be solved through psychiatry alone. We feel it to be to Dr. Brickner's credit that he has brought into clear definition the psychiatric issues involved; and we feel that it is no criticism of his work that he did not explore matters to the mastery of which he makes no claims, although he explicitly allowed every consideration for them.

Very truly yours,

LAWRENCE KUBIE, M.D.,
Associate in Neurology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City; former President of New York Psychoanalytic Society and Secretary, American Psychoanalytic Society; on the Committee on Psychiatry, National Research Council.

EDWARD A. STRECKER, M.D.,
Professor of Psychiatry, University of Pennsylvania; President of American Psychiatric Association; on Committee on Psychiatry, National Research Council.

ARTHUR H. RUGGLES, M.D.,
Superintendent, Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I.; Former President American Psychiatric Association; on Committee on Psychiatry, National Research Council.

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE, M.D.,
New York Post Graduate Hospital; Honorary Vice-President New York Psychoanalytic Society.

DAVID LEVY, M.D.,
Former Chief of Staff, Institute for Child Guidance, New York City; Lecturer, New School for Social Research; former President, Orthopsychiatric Association and American Psychoanalytic Association.

LAWSON G. LOWREY, M.D.,
Lecturer, New York School of Social Work; former director, Institute for Child Guidance; former President, Orthopsychiatric Association.

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TRADE Winds

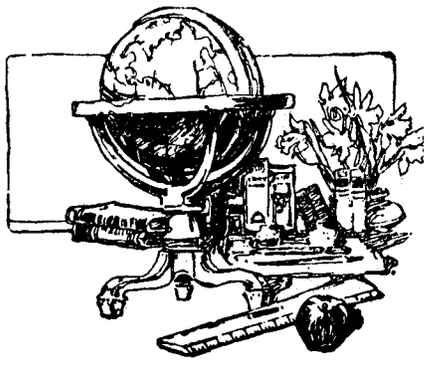
THE NEWS on Paramount's long-awaited production of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is pretty nearly all bad. It's too late, it's too long, and it's too painfully anxious not to hurt anybody's feelings. It emphasizes all of the book's inherent weaknesses, and instead of striking a ringing blow against the forces of reaction, dribbles off into a series of pittypats. Unfortunately, this tragic muff of a golden opportunity will teach Hollywood nothing. The picture will probably make a fortune. People are so hungry for any kind of entertainment today that they would pack the Radio City Music Hall for five weeks to see a screen version of Webster's Dictionary.

A minor episode in the Spanish War looks like pretty small pickings after such epics as Dunkirk, Bataan, and Guadalcanal. The characters of Jordan and Maria, never too clearly defined in the book, become dullish boy-meets-girl under the double handicap of a wooden performance by Gary Cooper and the seventh-grade morality demanded by the Hayes code. Most people who didn't read the book will scarcely know who is who, or what all the shouting is about. The lady who reviewed the picture for *The New York Journal American* remarked that "although there was some advance talk that there would be no political implications, the script makes it clear that Jordan is fighting with the Loyalists!" Any comment on that priceless, if unconscious epitome of intellectual honesty in Hollywood would be superfluous. . . .

On the credit side, the photography in "The Bell" is magnificent; occasional stretches of grade-A Hemingway dialogue whip up your senses in the manner that a sudden gust of wind catches a flag that has been hanging limp in a midsummer vacuum; and Katina Paxinou's performance as Pilar is something to write home about. If a full hour were cut out of the picture (it runs two hours and forty-eight minutes now) its faults would not be so glaring. As for Ingrid Bergman, I preferred her in "Casablanca." Come to think of it, I preferred almost everything in "Casablanca." . . . Sam Wood, who directed FWTBT, confided to an interviewer for *The New York Sun* that he considered "The Bell" a dirty book, and that he did not see why it should have been written as a dirty book. Maybe, he said, that sort of thing sells a few more copies, but he feels it has no place on the screen. Ernest Hemingway is going to love that! . . .

I AM WILLING to wager a modest sum that the next all-out, best-selling war diary will not come from the obvious fronts of Tunisia and Sicily, but from the Aleutians. Every detail of the Mediterranean campaign has been hashed and rehashed by a corps of highly trained and famous correspondents. But the terror and hardships of the Aleutian fighting have scarcely been touched upon. What our fighting men have had to combat up there in the way of vile weather and treacherous terrain, not to mention Japs, is a story that will turn your insides out. The fliers—called "zoomies" in those parts—bag the headlines, but the engineers who have laid out airfields and built roads on a foundation of indescribable mud rate a full bag of superlatives as well. And it was the infantry—backed by navy guns—that cleaned out Attu, and has the jobs of Kiska and Parashimuro coming up. . . . They have a special four-star windstorm in the Aleutians that is called the williwaw. It blows up and down, east and west at the same time, and often reaches a velocity of 110 miles an hour. The williwaw goes down the back of your neck, up the front of your trousers, and into both pants pockets all at one time. A standing quip is that one blow was so bad that three seagulls made a forced landing with their feathers all blown off. . . . The crack correspondent who told me all this was so graphic that I was ashamed to crawl into my comfortable, white-sheeted bed that night. . . . The next day a drip was yammering because victory tennis balls didn't bounce high enough to suit him. . . .

THE MEN in the Near Eastern theatre have a couple of mean winds to contend with, too. From the African desert twists an enervating wind called the



Libecchio; and down from the Appenines blows the Tramontano, kicking up dust storms, and driving sensitive victims to deeds of violence. . . . I remember a lovely hotel at Sorrento, on the water's edge of the Bay of Naples, that was called the Tramontano. I thought it was the name of the amiable and bewhiskered proprietor, and so addressed him for the three days I lingered there. It was only when I checked out that he informed me gravely, "The Tramontano ees not me, signor. Eet ees a beeg wind!" . . .

EDWARD WEEKS, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is visiting England for a month or so at the invitation of the British Ministry of Information. Some of *The Atlantic Monthly* press authors he expects to see over there are Logan Pearsall Smith, Ann Bridge, Nora Waln, Sylvia Thompson, and H. M. Tomlinson. . . . It's a dizzying job to keep track of American publishers these days. They're scattered all over the globe. Five are in South America, another is en route to China, several are in active service, and Lord knows how many are hidden away in Washington cubby-holes. A friend complimented me on the succession of popular books Random House has come up with in recent months. "Shucks, how could we miss?" I replied without undue modesty. "I'm about the only publisher left in New York!" . . . The late Mr. Woollcott's "As You Were" points out that exactly one hundred years ago, John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," took office as the American consul in Tunis. . . . "Long Long Ago" is the title that Viking has picked for its collection of Woollcott's last pieces in the "While Rome Burns" manner. It is scheduled for November. . . . An interesting note by Charles Collins:

> The naming of Bret Harte among world famous Jews, at a recent pageant in Chicago, surprised the literati. His background as an early Californian and his devotion to Far Western themes had never suggested a kinship with the Jewish tradition. A scurry to the most comprehensive encyclopedias of biography supported the pageant's announcement. Bret Harte had a Jewish grandfather who was a clothing merchant in New York. This ancestor's family name was Hart. Bret himself added the final "e" as a romantic flourish, but another slight alteration of his correct name was an accident. He was Francis Brett Hart. The second "t" in Brett was dropped by a printer's error on his debut in San Francisco, and he accepted this stroke of destiny. . . .

I'LL BET YOU NEVER DREAMED that there exists on this planet a duly incorporated Society for the Prevention

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"That reminds me. I've got a golf date on the public links Sunday."

of Disparaging Remarks about Brooklyn. Mr. Sidney Ascher is its president, and he solemnly assures the press that public slurs on Brooklyn dropped from 6457 in 1941 to 2623 in 1942. Mr. Ascher realizes that part of this drop is due to the war and part to sympathy for the plight of the Dodgers. The fight is far from won. . . .

NEW YORK is going to have another major bookshop. The Chaucer Head is opening its new quarters in the Hotel Savoy-Plaza on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street about October 1st. A modest fortune is being invested in the fixtures. . . . A lady author whose books sell in fantastic quantities, but who is known as a woman of a few thousand words, approached one of our most fastidious publishers at a banquet recently. "How do you like me in blue, darling?" she cooed, with an airy flutter toward her gown (a monstrosity). "To me you look better in twelve point Bodoni" was the publisher's genial comment. . . . An author I know was outraged to hear that a fluffy and inconsequential little Broadway comedy had been bought by Hollywood for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "That," he declared, and not without justification, "is a disgrace to money!" . . . Inscription of the year: Allan Ullman, of *The Times* advertising department, asked an author to autograph a copy of his book for a doting admirer, and add a personal line or two. "How can I be personal to somebody I never met?" demanded the author. "Write," he was directed, "Any friend of Allan Ullman's is a friend of Allan Ullman's." . . .

HILARY SAUNDERS, author of "Combined Operations," got a laugh at a librarians' luncheon with the oldie of a customer who sought to buy a copy of Omar Khayam from a cockney bookseller. "'Aven't got hit todye," reported the cockney. "We're fresh hout of 'is Khayam. 'Ow habout tyking 'is Hilliod or Hoddesy hinstead?" . . . Harassed bookseller in Los Angeles phoned his wife "We're having twenty people for dinner. Go out and get the biggest damn squab you can find!" . . . Samuel Johnson blundered into a musicale at Mrs. Thrale's house one night; registered acute nausea when a soprano mutilated an aria. "Come now," said Mrs. Thrale, "make some allowances. You don't realize how very difficult that piece is." "Difficult, Madame," snorted Johnson, "I wish it were impossible!" . . . Jimmie Durante tells of the schoolteacher who admired little Jerry's head of hair. "I'll bet you got that lovely hair from your mother?" Jerry shook his head. "It must have come from Pop," he replied, "because he's all bald!" . . . W. C. Fields's last picture required location work in a bone dry state. "Can you imagine," he stormed upon his return, "living for four full weeks on nothing but food and water?" . . . The most notorious hypochondriac in bookish circles is Hendrik Van Loon. He usually has a bottle of pills in every pocket. The other day he and George Bye passed a drugstore. "Don't you want to step in?" suggested Bye. "Not today," said Hendrik. "I don't need a thing." "I know," persisted Bye, "but maybe the druggist does!"

BENNETT CERF.

"Pity the poor author"

—says

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

in one of the most delightful chapters of his genial personal record—*Speaking for Myself*. Like Kenneth Roberts' *For Authors Only*, this is a book that takes the reader behind the scenes of a writer's life and reveals how the events and thoughts of an author's experience can furnish the inspiration for best-selling novels.

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Raw Onions and No Ladies

MC SORLEY'S WONDERFUL SALOON. By Joseph Mitchell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1943. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

A GOOD saloon can be a lovely thing. The place where a man can join his fellows in free and easy camaradie over a mug of ale or a pony of whiskey is an institution that deserves the literary and artistic recognition that so frequently it gets. New York has its share of such places, and they are not the chromium-plated cocktail bars of the post-Prohibition drinking age. Joseph Mitchell, the author of "My Ears Are Bent," has a nice feeling for the friendly warmth of a Third Avenue saloon, and has selected as the title for his new book of stories and sketches the name of one that lies just off the Avenue on Seventh Street, the oldest alehouse in New York, McSorley's. By now most literate Americans should be familiar with this historic shrine, for it has had frequent reference in recent American letters; and paintings of it hang on the walls of some of our best museums. Its apotheosis came with the inclusion in Thomas Craven's "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces," of John Sloan's "McSorley's Bar." Mitchell's account, which first appeared in *The New Yorker,* is one of the best brief descriptions of it. He has caught the fine flavor of this place of "good ale, raw onions, and no ladies," where, since 1854, hundreds and hundreds of New Yorkers, distinguished and otherwise, have drunk at the little bar beside the potbellied stove from earthenware mugs kept chilled in a washtub of ice water.

Mitchell knows other saloons than McSorley's, many of which are settings for his stories. The people who live in them may seem queer and insignificant to the smug and respectable, but the author recognizes them for what they are—men and women fleeing desperately from the loneliness of the big city—men and women sometimes Homeric, sometimes craven, and frequently tormented by what his Professor Sea Gull calls "the 3-H's—homelessness, hunger, and hangovers."

Not all his stories are laid in New York. The only termagant he ever admired, Mrs. Copenhagen Calhoun, lives on a river bank watermelon farm in Black Ankle County; and Uncle Dockery, whose profound comments on the machine age might be summed up in his statement, "Son, the only inventions that make sense to me are the shotgun, the two-horse wagon, the butter churn, and the frying pan," is another denizen of that fabulous land.

Most of the stories do concern New York personalities. The author would protect this group of people from the patronizing and repulsive phrase "the little people." He says with truculent sentimentality, "There are no little people in this book. They are as big as you are, whoever you are." They range from Mazie, "a bossy, yellow-haired blonde," who is a celebrity in the Bowery, to the amazing Philippa Duke Schuyler, a gifted child with an IQ of 185, who at the tender age of nine "reads Plutarch on train trips, eats steaks raw, writes poems in honor of her dolls, plays poker, and is the composer of more than sixty pieces for the piano." There is a king of the gypsies whose greatest complaint is that "the entire country is overrun with private property." There is Commodore Dutch, the sporting man, who for forty years has been giving annual balls for the benefit of himself. There is even a bearded lady, Lady Olga, who is a student of society scandals and as a devoted reader of the Cholly Knickerbocker column observes "The Four Hundred is surely one cutting-up set of people."

Joseph Mitchell describes these and many others with great skill. His experience as feature writer for *The New York World-Telegram* and *The New Yorker* has added professional training to native perception. As a result, his studies are masterpieces of observation and description. Though they make one think of O. Henry and his "Four Million," it is not because of any imitative quality of treatment, but because of the similarity of subject matter. He does not try to be funny in a "pious friends and drunken companions" sort of way. Best of all, he has that quality which Fanny Hurst saw in his Mazie. "I admire Mazie," said Miss Hurst. "She is the most compassionate person I have ever known."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 6

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 6 will be found in the next issue.

UZ UY FUZP DQHHVF-YVABKM XKVXBK QY FUZP DQHHVF-DKROKM LVZZBKY; ZPK BKYY ZPKJ PQGK UD ZPKC ZPK CVHK DVUYK ZPKJ CQOK XVAHUDS VAZ.

QBKIQDMKH XVXK—

"ZPVASPZY VD GQHUVAY YALNKRZY"

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 5

THERE ARE THREE THINGS THAT ARE NOT TO BE CREDITED: A WOMAN WHEN SHE WEEPS, A MERCHANT WHEN HE SWEARS, NOR A DRUNKARD WHEN HE PRAYS.

BARNABE RICH—
"MY LADY'S LOOKING GLASS" 1616

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

COLORFUL TITLES

All the literary titles listed below contain the names of colors. You are to supply the missing color and give the name of the author. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 25.

1. "A Study in ....."
2. "The ..... City of Oz"
3. "..... Oxen"
4. "The ..... Monkey"
5. "Three ..... Pennys"
6. "The Great God ....."
7. "..... April"
8. "The ..... Carnation"
9. "The Mystery of the ..... Train"
10. "The Minister's ..... Veil"
11. "Men in ....."
12. "The ..... Robe"
13. "The ..... Champion"
14. "The ..... Orchard"
15. "The ..... Bay Tree"
16. "The Crock of ....."
17. "The ..... of the Jest"
18. "The ..... and the ....."
19. "The ..... Lily"
20. "The Woman in ....."

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Marines and War Eagles

. . . AND A FEW MARINES. By Colonel John W. Thomason, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 667 *pp.* $3.

WAR EAGLES: The Story of the Eagle Squadron. By Colonel James Saxon Childers. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 350 *pp.* $3.75.

THIS EXCITING AIR. By Boone T. Guyton. New York: Whittlesey House. 1943. 219 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

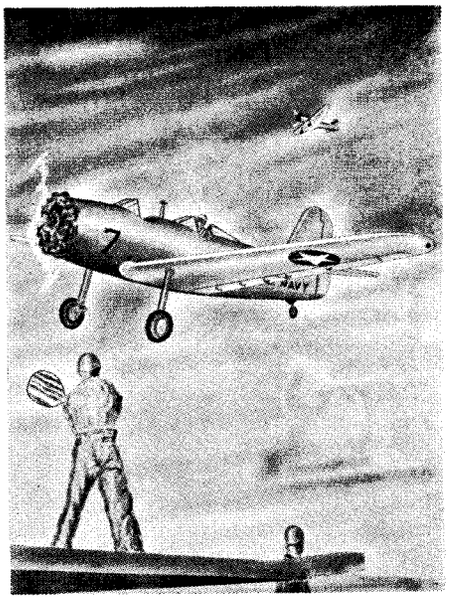
THESE books are concerned, in one way or another, with war; and each of them is interesting and satisfying on its own level. They have little else in common.

Old enjoyers of Thomason will be glad to see this fat collection of his tales and sketches, some almost twenty years old, some of recent date. They will note with pleasure that Sergeant John Houston, of the Marine Guard at Peking, is still peerless in the Thomason world of fiction, where to the effective swagger and sentiment of a Kipling there have been added some short-story flourishes and a solid body of professional experience that are all the author's own. Colonel Thomason writes with an air as well as with authority; he has humor and a sure sense of action; he knows the uses of understatement, and he also can, and does, drive home the bayonet with an unexpected thrust. As, for example, in the first of the Houston stories, when the Sergeant is handed a picture of the Soviet spy whom he had helped, he had hoped, to escape her Japanese pursuers:

> Houston took it and held it to the light. It was a photograph, post-card size, of the Russian girl's head, taken close to, in strong illumination. The dark, shingled hair was rumpled, and fell across the brow. The eyes were not quite closed; a thread of white showed between the thick lashes. The mouth was lax, and curved down at the corners as if she were a little weary. He realized slowly that there was no neck; the head sat level on a plank in the center of a dark stain.

Colonel Childers, of the United States Army Air Forces, has done an admirable job in his history of the three Eagle Squadrons, No. 71, which flourished from the latter part of 1941 until September 29, 1942, when its members were transferred from the Royal to the American Air Force. Not only has he written a full account, in lively, readable prose, of the squadron's operations and victories, drawing heavily on combat reports and pilots' anecdotes; but he has made us acquainted with individual Eagles, character by character, showing them at play as well as at work; and, perhaps best of all, he has succeeded in the difficult task, seldom accomplished, of telling non-flyers what modern aerial warfare is all about—how it ticks. Any earthbound reader of this book will find himself putting it down to pick up his newspaper with new understanding. Numerous and fascinating illustrations add to the value of a volume that should not be neglected by anyone who wishes to know what really goes on in the fields where the Spits and the Messerschmitts roam.

Boone T. Guyton, who started out as a naval flier, tested dive bombers for the French government until the country began to fall apart, and is now a test pilot for Chance-Vought Aircraft, has done a good job, too, on a smaller scale. Recounting his own experiences and those of his pals, he communicates the rules and tricks of his art, one of the most important rules being: "Never let an airplane fly you, son. Never." Breath-stopping incidents serve to illustrate his points.



Tutor, Timm N2T-1

Back of the fighter pilots and the bomber crews, stand and fly men like Guyton, who must test new planes and untried models, for every possible weakness or threat of failure. Their work is dangerous, exciting, indispensable, and Guyton is a worthy spokesman for them. More than that, when he pushes over into a vertical dive, he can make you hang on to your chair.

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"Superb craftsmanship . . . the stunning effect of the story is quite literally the result of calculation . . . An admirable book."
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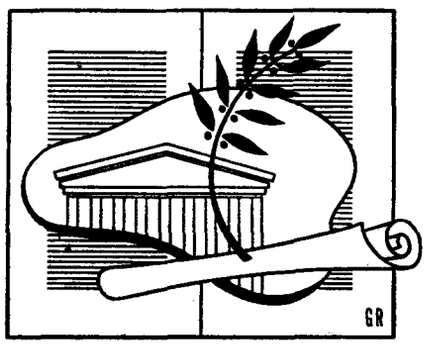
The Building of Political Democracy

THE MODERN DEMOCRATIC STATE. By A. D. Lindsay. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1943. 286 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS



IN 410, three years after Alaric had sacked Rome, St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, a small African seaport, began the composition of his famous "City of God." Almost unaware of and unmoved by the great events taking place across the Mediterranean, he carried on his work and completed it in 426, three years before the Vandals established themselves in the African ports of the Roman realm.

The Master of Balliol's new book may not be another "City of God," but it is an important work on political theory which should be pondered and cited by all who concern themselves with the subjects it discusses. Mr. Lindsay began to write on political theory before the First World War. While that conflict was in progress he discussed the democratic state and the threat to its way of life that came from the central powers. During the interwar period he established himself as one of the leading British political philosophers, and unlike St. Augustine, was active in many public affairs. Much of the present book must have been composed under the handicaps of the blitz and the blackout. It appears at a moment when the world is more convulsed than ever before in its history, and when the democratic states, now greatly reduced in number, are struggling for survival. Nor will victory in the field appreciably lighten their tasks. For the democratic states to win the peace and continue to be democratic may prove to be more difficult than for them to win the war.

An historical type called the modern democratic state, and not democracy as a general ideal, is Mr. Lindsay's subject. He does not believe that it is the business of political theorists to examine abstract universals — "the State" or "democracy." The political philosopher should "reflect on the operative ideals, belief in which sustains in existence an historical type of State." Greece and Rome contributed the idea of constitutionalism. Christianity taught the perfection of the moral ideal and the Middle Ages produced the doctrine of sovereignty. A brilliant chapter discusses the relations between ethics, politics, and economics, and then Mr. Lindsay comes to "early democratic theories"—the Puritans, the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the Utilitarians. Here he harrows some of the ground which he ploughed a few years ago in his Swarthmore College lectures published under the title "Essentials of Democracy." He then dealt more fully with the democratic theory of Puritanism and with the discussions of Cromwell's army, making then as now his principal text Colonel Rainboro's magnificent answer to those who thought that voting should be confined on property grounds: "Really, I think the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as the richest he," and that "therefore truly I think it is clear that every man that is to live under a government ought first by his own consent to put himself under that government, and I do think that the poorest man in England is not at all bound in a strict sense to that government that he hath not had a voice to put himself under."

The emergence of the Nation State; the impact of the Industrial Revolution; the claims the State should make on its citizens, a restated theory of sovereignty, democracy, and the common life—these subjects are the common stock of political theorists. Mr. Lindsay treats them interestingly and felicitously. The "Bab Ballads," Bernard Shaw, and modern novels are grist to a mill which grinds out sage observations on the operative ideals that we should accept. The methods by which in modern times and, faced with modern situations, a democratic government should perform its task of "making the community more truly a community" will be the subject of a second volume, which readers of the first will trust may not be long delayed.

Evolution in the Orient

IS CHINA A DEMOCRACY? By Creighton Lacy. New York: The John Day Co. 1943. 154 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by HALLETT ABEND

DRAWING sharp contrasts between European and Chinese history and standards of conduct, this slender volume argues logically to the conclusion that not only will China emerge after the war as one of the purest democracies in the world, but also that she will evolve distinctive features of government administration which will probably be profitably adopted by other great nations.

Mr. Lacy's book manages to convey a sense of the almost ageless continuity of China's history, and makes plain the connection with the long imperial past which has influenced the evolution toward democracy in the years since the Revolution began in 1911. Two of today's "Four Freedoms," says the author, have a strange ring in Chinese ears, because they have had freedom of expression and freedom of worship almost continuously for forty centuries.

Much stress is given, too, to the basic democracy of Chinese village and country life, and to China's age-old belief that any ruler holds "Heaven's mandate" only so long as he rules well and wisely, and that if he rules badly the people have the Heaven-sent right to depose him. Because of these facts, he argues, most Chinese rulers are remembered for the walls they built, the inventions they sponsored, the reforms they launched, or even for the poems they wrote, rather than for the wars they may have waged.

Evaluating today's government operating at Chungking, and reviewing the history of the one-party Kuomintang regime, Mr. Lacy freely admits that illiteracy, the stresses of the long revolution, and, since 1937, the task of carrying on the war against Japan, have resulted in a semi-totalitarian dictatorship. He argues, however, that neither General Chiang Kai-shek nor most of his supporters have any intention of continuing this system long beyond the end of the war, and points to many acts and policies which prove that even during war preparations continue earnestly for ending the "period of tutelage" with the coming of peace.

Replying to those bilious-minded critics who declare that China's unity will collapse at the war's end, the author says:

> Vast migrations, educational programs, new communications, and a common cause have bound the people of China together as never before. They have fought too hard, and sacrificed too much for the nation, as such, to permit any self-seeking group of politicians to destroy that hard-won unity and democracy. . . .

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Spotlighting "The Way of Life"

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION. Third Symposium. Edited by Lyman Bryson and Louis Finkelstein. New York: Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life, Inc. 1943. 438 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

IN this volume are papers prepared for the third meeting of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life. The aim of the Conference was defined two years ago "to bring together representatives of various disciplines so that they may meet on a common ground and obtain a first-hand knowledge of one another's ideas regarding the totality of human experience."

For the dangerous departmentalism of American thought produced by increased specialization various remedies have been suggested. These range from revolutions in our educational system to prayer for a super-Thomas Aquinas or Maimonides who would create the intellectual synthesis of our time. The technique of the Conference is "corporate thinking," and though there is great diversity of subject matter in the papers of this Third Symposium, one does feel a definite inspiring unity. Philosophers, theologians, artists, scientists, and men of affairs do succeed in correlating their special fields. Despite variety of belief, interest, and vocabulary, they arrive at the consensus found in the foreword. The determination that "some way must be found . . . by which truths, identical in character, but differently expressed by the theologian and the psychiatrist, may be recognized as essentially interchangeable" and the recognition of the probability "that what must emerge out of any study of the situation will not be a monolithic civilization, but . . . a pluralistic one" are important first steps toward the unity of diversity with which the democratic intellectual world must meet its future.

The subjects of the twenty-five papers that comprise this miscellany range from Phillip Frank's "The Relativity of Truth and the Objectivity of Values" to Lianello Venturi's "The So-Called Malady of Modern Art." Some are followed by critical comments which frequently make exciting reading.

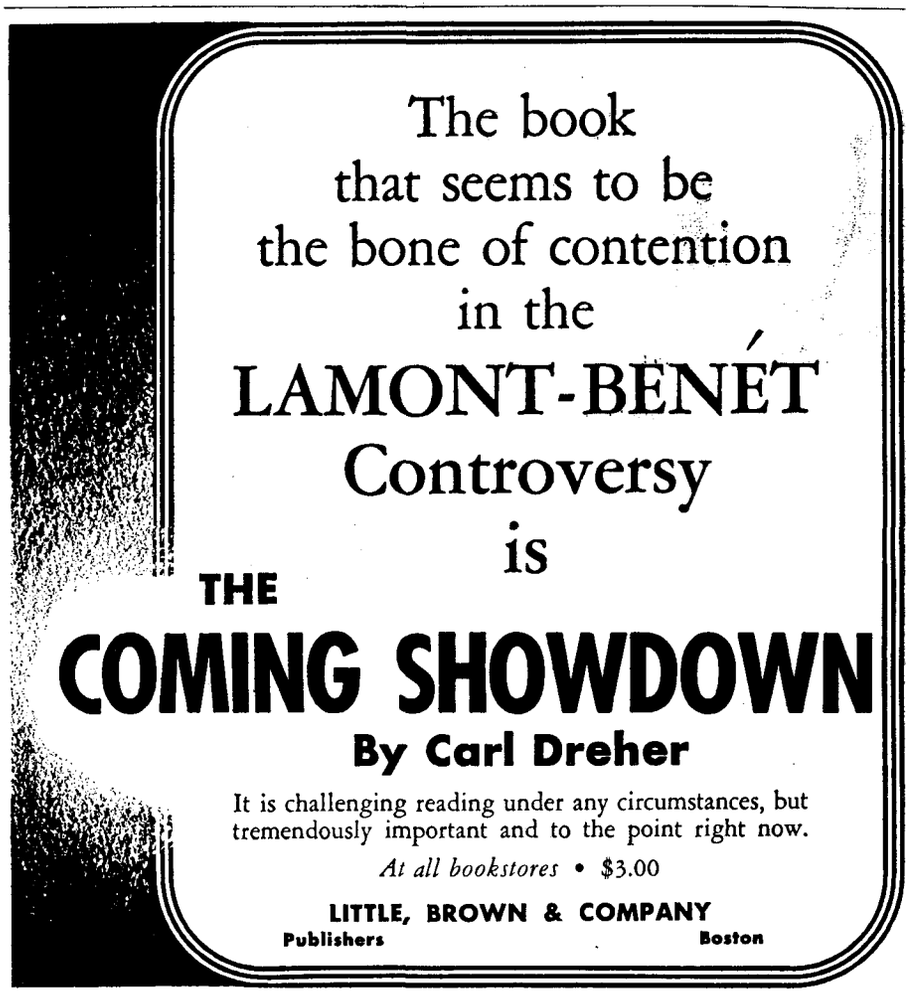
Philosophers and theologians discuss "The Problem of Objective Basis for Value Judgments." Justin Wroe Nixon finds that democracy has its foundations in human nature. Edgar S. Brightman states "the conflict between democracy and totalitarianism is a phase of the conflict about the true good which has always divided men." Richard Kroner's central thesis that imagination is more adequate to reality than reason stirs his commentators to lively criticism, and him to brilliant rebuttal. One educator questions the logic permitting students to approach controversial issues with indifference to democratic assumptions. Another prods at the "evangelical mood" which the people of the United States are swiftly acquiring. "This country is full of articulate persons who have already decided what will be good for the peoples of Europe and Asia when the war has been won. If those who are to receive these blessings show any preference for goods of their own choosing ,the same benevolent Americans will turn away, angry, disappointed and still uncomprehending."

In a discussion of the meaning of human dignity, Gregory Bateson makes some provocative contrasts of British and American character. The "psychological price" of peace is the subject of Robert MacIver's dissertation. "If you want an abiding peace you must be ready to curb revenge and hate." Standing in the way is "the simple ethnocentric character of national sentiment"; Lyman Bryson calls it "cultural parochialism."

William G. Constable, Allardyce Nicoll, Olga Samaroff Stokowski, and other artists and musicians reveal the close relationship between the arts and democracy. Six members of the faculty of Hunter College collaborate in a cogent statement of the American scholar's duty in the present crisis. John U. Nef points out the heavy price in loss of faith that mankind has paid for the material progress the last few generations have made.

One can only suggest the flavor of this rich and meaty volume. Here and there obscurantism and academicism creep in, but, on the whole, it is good evidence of the scholar's faith in democracy and of his readiness to meet head-on current challenges to his intellectual and spiritual positions. This is an important book that directly and indirectly will have considerable influence in shaping American intellectual attitudes.

WAR BONDS
Not A Gift But Thrift
WAR BONDS
The Irreducible Minimum



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Pioneer Historian

KENDALL OF THE PICAYUNE. By Fayette Copeland. Norman, Oklahoma: The University of Oklahoma Press. 1943. 351 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HERBERT BRUCKER

THIS book might have been written to show why there must be university presses. It is the biography of George Wilkins Kendall, co-founder of the New Orleans *Picayune,* historian, war correspondent, and pioneer of America's westward expansion along the Gulf Coast and into Texas. Kendall rates either silence or, at best, passing mention in the histories of journalism. He is even less significant among the statesmen of America.

In other words, George W. Kendall does not merit a biography issued by a trade publisher. Yet he played a part in both our journalism and our history that stands far above that played by millions of his contemporaries. And here is a competent, readable, and well-documented story of his life and his work.

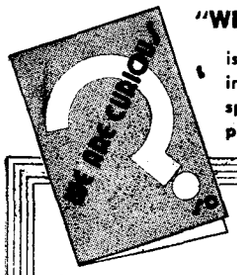
The *Picayune,* founded on hope, energy, and a few dollars of capital in 1837, began life as part of the penny press that flourished as soon as Ben Day, Sr., had shown the way with the *New York Sun* in 1833. It was not strictly a penny paper, for it sold for 6¼ cents—the value of the old Spanish picayon from which it took its name, the smallest coin in circulation in New Orleans at the time. But in its joking and irreverent attitude toward the passing show, in its fresh eye for what was news, in its enterprise—largely Kendall's—in pioneering an ever-swifter transmission of news, it was an integral part of the lusty growth that made American journalism the mature and objective reporter of the world's doings that it is today.

Mr. Copeland's biography, however, is more a tale of the expanding South and Southwest than of journalism. It takes us through the life of the restless Kendall from his birth in a New Hampshire village in 1809 to his death, fifty-eight years later, on his ranch near San Antonio.

Kendall left the care of relatives at seventeen. After some years of wandering, during which he became an accomplished printer, he settled in the boom town of New Orleans. There, together with F. A. Lumsden, he founded the *Picayune.*

Before long its energetic editor joined the Santa Fé expedition, intended to expand the empire of the Republic of Texas, which instead led to the death of some of its participants and landed Kendall and the rest in a Mexico jail. Kendall became the historian of the expedition and, later, a leading newspaper correspondent of the war with Mexico. Thereafter, he went abroad, writing letters to his paper about the revolutions that swept Europe in 1848, and taking an eighteen-year-old French girl as his wife. Kendall's later years were spent in efforts to build up ranch life in his beloved Texas, in the face of hardships that would have been burden enough without the distress of the Civil War.

Mr. Copeland's pages tell the whole story. In them one can find an occasional error, like the statement that Samuel F. B. Morse was at Columbia when actually he was at what is now New York University. Also one might question a judgment here and there, as when Mr. Copeland refers to Kendall's letters to his prospective wife as deserving "to rank with the world's great love letters," although none are quoted in demonstration. But it is an interesting story well told, a useful addition to the history of American journalism, and to the history of America itself.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Health Technique

RELEASE FROM NERVOUS TENSION. By David Harold Fink, M.D. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 232 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

HIGH blood pressure, cardiac thrombosis, stomach ulcers, asthma are only a few of the more serious penalties man pays for the blessings of civilization. According to Dr. Fink and many of his confrères, they and a lot of littler ones are the direct result of the nervous tension all of us live under and only a few of us are able to take in our stride. Dr. Fink thinks he has the answer to a big share of human ills in one word—relax.

But it isn't as simple as it sounds. You must learn how. It takes only ten weeks to learn. You don't even have to believe—all that is necessary is that you follow "the chart" conscientiously and you will be "dehypnotized," will find yourself with "a new freedom" and loads more "dynamic activity." It sounds alluring, and Dr. Fink easily persuades you that it is not only that but plain common sense and that practically everybody can do it.

Before he gives you his "chart"—a series of exercises to teach you the technique of relaxation—he explains, with plenty of case illustrations, just how the nervous tension works, what doctors mean by "conditioned reflexes," "functional diseases," etc., how "nervousness" of body and mind can affect our organs and kill us as surely as can microbes. All of this he explains in a lively, folksy way that makes everything he says sound entirely reasonable. Then comes the "chart," the ten weeks of practice, first with the arms, then extending the field week by week until all the muscle groups have learned their lesson. Now "you have re-educated most of the muscles of your body and, incidentally, you have re-educated your emotional behavior patters." You begin to apply what you have learned to all your activities, the way you sit in a chair, drive your car, eat your meals, even to your visits to the dentist. And now you are ready for a new program of creative living, and here too Dr. Fink has something to say. Get a new job if the present one doesn't satisfy you, play, make things, above all form the habit of looking at yourself with less love and more detachment.

It is all very stimulating reading, and there is not a doubt in the world that the general adoption of these teachings would insure happier living all around—perhaps even make for a better peace!

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Ecuadorian Episode

OUR DAILY BREAD. By Enrique Gil Gilbert. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

IT would scarcely be safe to predict very wide popularity for a novel of this kind, for it is about strange country—the jungle rice lands of Ecuador—and makes few concessions either to North American unfamiliarity with the material or to current fictional interests in this country. But if sheer literary merit determined such success, Mr. Gilbert would have every right to expect it. His book received honorable mention in the Latin American prize novel contest. Without any need at all to mention the Good Neighbor policy or ever to remember it in this connection, it should be said that a prize itself might have been in order.

The story, moving not in a straight line, but rather as a series of richly colored episodes, recreates the life of a small community from the day of its high-spirited settlement in the rice lands to the time when the machine, the exploitation and erosion of land and people, and inescapable tenantry turn the lives of the little band into something different from its hopes. Nowhere is the theme stated in such bald terms, nor does the author anywhere belabor the social significance note. His method is to paint in brilliant tropical colors, to give the sound and smell and taste and touch of this remote place, and to characterize sharply even the most incidental figure. Yet the dark side of the human struggle, the cruelty and violent forms of man's inhumanity to man, are everywhere implicit.

Aside from the roundly developed episodes, the subtle mingling of folklore and the most naturalistic detail, the humor and wisdom of the people, and the utter lack of all artiness in the use of "primitive" material, the most remarkable feature of this novel is description. Description is not something that normally recommends itself to readers, who want to get on with the plot. Not to read Mr. Gilbert's descriptions, however, is not to read him at all. Not to read him at all will be a loss to any one who cares for top notch writing.

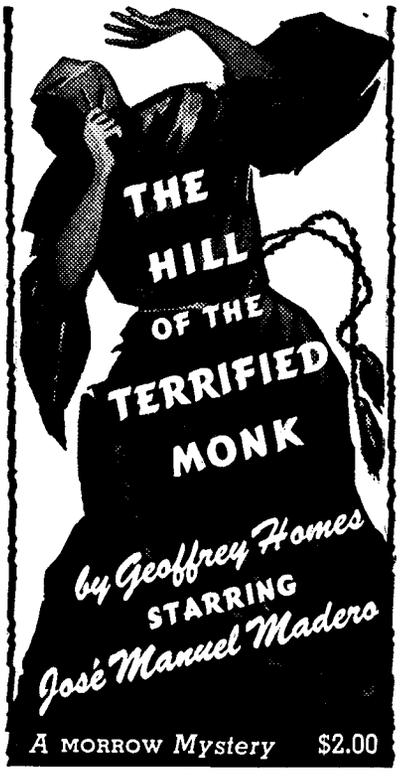
ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. "A Study in Scarlet," by Conan Doyle.
2. "The Emerald City of Oz," by Frank Baum.
3. "Black Oxen," by Gertrude Atherton.
4. "The White Monkey," by John Galsworthy.
5. "Three Black Pennys," by Joseph Hergesheimer.
6. "The Great God Brown," by Eugene O'Neill.
7. "Black April," by Julia Peterkin.
8. "The Green Carnation," by Robert S. Hichens.
9. "The Mystery of the Blue Train," by Agatha Christie.
10. "The Minister's Black Veil," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11. "Men in White," by Sidney Kingsley.
12. "The Red Robe," by Eugene Brieux.
13. "The Gray Champion," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15. "The Green Bay Tree," by Louis Bromfield.
16. "The Crock of Gold," by James Stephens.
17. "The Cream of the Jest," by James Branch Cabell.
18. "The Red and the Black," by Henri Beyle de Stendhal.
19. "The Red Lily," by Anatole France.
20. "The Woman in White," by Wilkie Collins.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BODY FELL ON BERLIN *Richard Lakin* (Putnams: $2.50)	Ex-Scotland-Yarder, now R.A.F. Intelligence Officer, juggles clues when flare-lit photo shows body falling from Stirling bomb bay over Berlin.	Authentic Air Force background well used by officer-author; lively bombing mission; plausible plotting; fair-playing with reader.	A-1
TIED FOR MURDER *Cortland Fitzsimmons* (Lippincott: $2.)	Cal. First Aid demonstration "victim" gets throat cut; bullet settles another. Psychologist Percy Peacock breaks some unbustable alibis.	Plenty of likely suspects; variety of interesting emotional tangles; some neat comedy and sleuth who follows enuous clues effectively.	Good
DEAD RECKONING *Francis Bonnamy* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.)	Two young men and fluttery spinster slain in and near Washington, D. C. Criminologist Shane trails unsuspected slayer to island rendezvous.	Greed for buried pirate treasure motivates murders in Library of Congress and on Potomac Shore. Intricate plot ably worked out.	Average
MURDER WITH ORANGE BLOSSOMS *Ruth Darby* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nitrobenzine polishes off predatory bride as nuptials start. Her stepfather exits ditto. Peter Barron and wf. investigate odd tangle.	Long Island country house affair with numerous amorous complications, chipper chatter, observant detective, and satisfactory solution.	Fluff



Philip Barry's

DELIGHTFUL NEW COMEDY

WITHOUT LOVE

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Coward McCann

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The Phoenix Nest

HIS round old face was rosy as he scrubbed in his shower, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" He smiled as he got into his light summer flannels and adjusted a dewy rosebud in his buttonhole before he descended the broad sweeping staircase. At the bottom of the stairs pretty, curly-haired, little Claire ran up to him. "Oh Daddy!" she cried adoringly. He patted her paternally upon the head and swept majestically into the sunny breakfast room.

"Watch it!" he admonished himself, *"No more sweeping majestically. Hard pressed, that's what I am. Remember those corporate reserves!"*

He lowered his corporate reserve into the large tapestry chair which the butler pushed in for him, and contemplated the chaste boiled egg in front of him. He cleared his throat.

"We—" he began. *"No,"* he admonished himself, *"Not 'We'. Remember that John Chamberlain says in* The Times *that That Man's Vice-President would have got farther if he hadn't irritated people by using 'We'. And then by using the word 'Duty' he—what was the phrase—'makes the State into something larger than life, something Hegelian, a substitute for God'! That's very good, very clever Remember that! Useful. Always did think Duty to one's Country—Easy there, easy!"*

For the old apoplexy had a way of pouncing upon him unaware, and it had been unwise in the extreme to even *think* of Vice President Wallace. Like the Head of the National Association of Manufacturers he then felt the inevitable—and it was all the Vice-President's fault—urge to slap him down. Every time Wallace rose up again, they did that again, because it became intensely irritating in the man from Iowa to fail to understand that each slapping down was definitive, and that he shouldn't use "We" and he shouldn't speak of "Duties." That was Un-American.

The good gray head bent reverently over the matutinal toast. *"God help me to be a good American,"* breathed the Old Industrialist, *"me and the Chamber of Commerce!* Help me to help men to help themselves by letting them severely alone. Let Natural Law do the Managing! (*That was from a newspaper editorial!*) Mankind is no manager. Economic life has long been 'managed'—and pretty well managed at that—by laws deeply imbedded in the 'nature of things'. Oh, there are shortages and surpluses, depressions and mal-distributions of the good things. But shucks, what does it all amount to! A few homeless, a few starved, a few hard-pressed—*hard-pressed, that's what I am!*—but the 'managing economist shining in his full fond feebleness!' (*An editorial writer had said that. I must remember it!*) Well, all that was very enheartening. *I knew I was right in the first place. Remember I am hard-pressed!* Much of our present situation is due to That Man's gross over-management *—Careful, careful, for Heaven's sake be careful!"*

His face had suffused to a ruby tint and his nostrils were distended in a disagreeable fashion. He sat quite still, napkin to face, and after a while he breathed more easily. He wisely switched his ruminations to the latest thing Westbrook Pegler had said against labor unions, and it brought him more nearly back to normal.

Having finished his simple meal, the O. I. rose and went into the smoking room. From a humidor he took a good cigar—that other Vice President once, what was his name, he was a *really* smart fellow, now. What was that he had said? *'What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar!'* Smart fellow; good to think about a smart fellow like that. *None* of these—*careful, careful!"* The O. I. crossed to the French windows opening upon a wide expanse of velvety green lawn. He emerged on the terrace and gratefully breathed in the fresh morning air. A large robin, advancing with a slight run, pausing and cocking his head on one side, reminded him of Billy James of National Mop & Broom. The old bandit! Billy had been putting on a paunch lately. Looked twice the man he used to be. My, it was good to be up here on the Hudson, out of the fracas. Near to nature. Commune with nature. He was ready to commune.

"Oh God," he prayed, "make me a better boy (*Who had said Big Boy?* He held his breath firmly. *I will not be annoyed!*) Even if I want Mexican Jo-Jo Inc., after the War, please, O Lord, keep me from grabbing it—let it be one of my subsidiaries! And for heaven's sake do a good job, O Lord, and remove that nincompoop Charley Grapevine, of Consolidated Electrum, from my immediate path; and bring me that hundred thousand shares of Amalgamated Ratrap for Christmas! Please be on the job, O Lord! Dictated but not read."

In the lovely summer morning the good old man paced meditatively the length of the cool pergola. The State, that newspaper had said, would merely make happy Myrmidons of the People. *He must remember that phrase!* He pondered it now with grave corporate reserve. The war would be over, That Man would be licked, the editors would help, and if one just sat tight everything would be perfectly hunky-dory. No one really wanted any Change or any Upset or any Unpleasantness. Remember after the last war? The Government gave it all back, and it all became the same genial old mess it had always been. These Crackpots—! *Careful, careful!"* he had to stop them. His breathing was pretty wheezy. He felt a bit dizzy and he didn't like the spots dancing in front of his eyes. He sat on an Italian stone bench and looked down at a bright little buttercup glancing pertly up at him. Pure gold. *"O Lord,"* he breathed, *"that's the thing to remind me of—but for Heaven's sake can't you do something about my high blood pressure?"*

He saw his golden-haired little daughter coming toward him, but not skipping gaily as was her wont, waving her notebook and pencil. Now she walked slowly, and stood and gazed at him with large blue eyes in which stood starry tears. He was aware suddenly that, behind her, several dignified gentlemen were advancing gravely.

"G. B.," said the foremost (His intimates always called him G. B.). "I'm afraid I'm the bearer of rather bad tidings."

It had come. The O. I. turned like the captain of industry that he was. He braced himself bravely.

"The bonuses this year," stammered the other, who could hardly face that cold blue eye. "We regret—they think it best—well, the fact is, G. B., they are only going to vote you half a million!"

Stunned stood the democratized O. I. *"Now,"* he thought fiercely, *"I wish I'd voted myself a salary."* A moment passed. He raised his saintly old face to Heaven. *"No, God,"* he breathed to himself, *"I'm a good boy. I'll remember I'm a good boy."*

"Why, it's all right, Joseph," he said aloud, though clearing his throat rather hoarsely, "It's entirely all right. We must all make sacrifices, you know!"

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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The Crostics Club

AMONG neighbors who vie with each other in doing the week's DCs are Dr. Susan A. Price, pioneer M.D., and Miss Anne T. Chapman, Williamsburg, Va. Miss Chapman naively confesses that she "kept her secret passion rather dark" until she read in our column of the savants in her other home, Madison, Wis., who were also fans. She sends us this jingle, the dedication to a recent DC Series, a gift from Frances Gillette:

There's nothing like these Crostics Double
To scatter far all toil and trouble.
She knows it well who oft till midnight
Has sharped her wits on "Dic." and graphite.
That pencil poised, that flame ignited,
Nor dark, nor day, nor old man trouble
Can swerve her now from Crostics Double.

A beginning to relieve the jam in my year's correspondence, prefaced by a genuine apology for remissness:

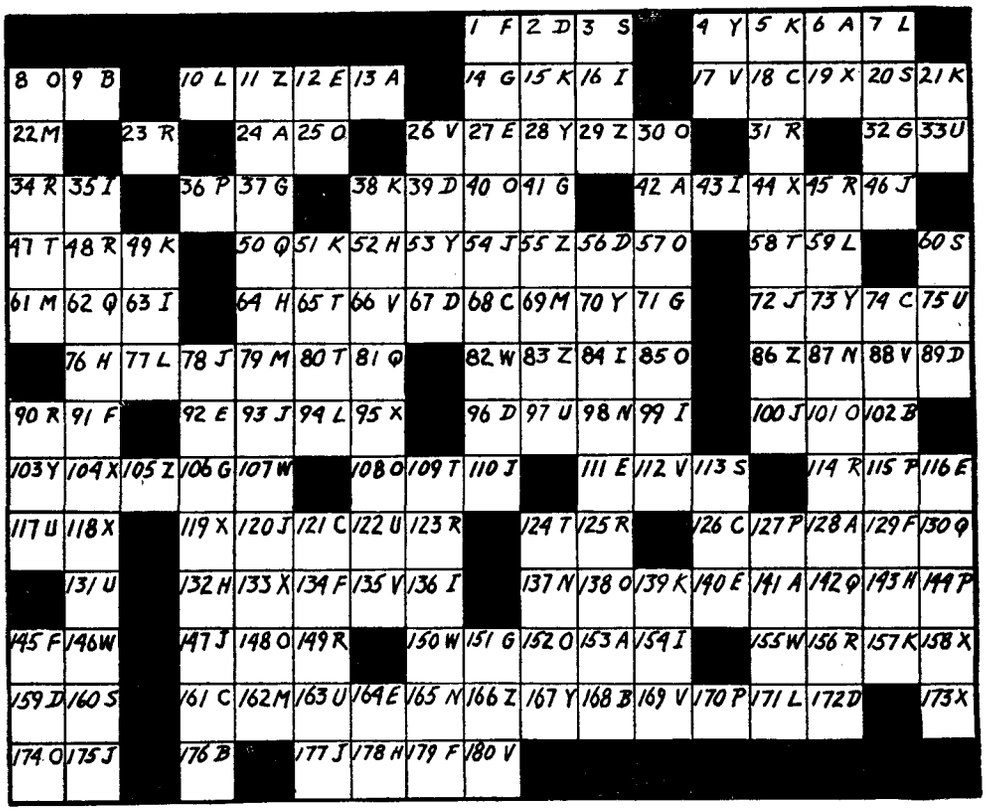
Last August Elizabeth Wood, Germantown, Pa.. was led by the Kaleva DC to take out the colorful postcards bought in Helsinki before the war, with their Kalevala quotations, and to recall how, vacation days interrupted by an emergency operation in Sweden, her days were brightened by the receipt of DCs from home, clipped from the *SRL* and sent by a friend. The going was harder for lack of reference books.

Hetty B. Schriftgiesser, Cranberry Isles, Me., an arthritis invalid, welcomed the weekly *SRL* and lived with a Collegiate Webster at her bedside, not only to solve but to originate DCs for friends.

Ada Wright, Wellesley '79, one of a small valiant pioneer group left, now in a convalescence home in Syracuse, N. Y., copes with the DCs with few reference books but with continuous zeal. What has become, I wonder, of her brother, Dr. F. T. Wright, La Jolla, Calif., who introduced them to her, and who used to be a helpful correspondent; and of the two headmistresses of a private school there who were in the game?

Sir Thomas Beecham in his recent biography, "A Mingled Chime," uses the word *noctalyptic*. Is it in any of your reference books? In writing of a break by one of his trumpet players in an otherwise almost perfect performance, he says: "The critical press had discovered a spot on the sun which their *noctalyptic* vision had so magnified as to make them doubt whether the latter was really there at all." (Isn't that a superb crack at our music critics? I for one thank him for it, and for his conclusion that ninety times out of a hundred he would rather trust the opinions of a good orchestra than those of the music press or the public.)

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 488

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Not sound or safe; irresponsible.
B. Slayer of his cousin, Castor (Gr. Myth.)
C. Opera by Charpentier.
D. Followers of Wycliffe—14th and 15th centuries in England and Scotland.
E. Father of Prometheus and Atlas.
F. Finally (phrase).
G. An implement for digging and grubbing.
H. Appearance to the eye or mind.
I. He almost set the world on fire (Class. Myth.)
J. An epithet of Zeus, also Poseidon (English).
K. A meaningless burden in ancient sea-songs.
L. Warms; heats.
M. Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" (1853).
N. Inventor of color photography (1856-1937).
O. Song of Simeon, a hymn in many churches (2 wds.)
P. A period of affliction or adversity (Fig.)
Q. Satan (Arab. Relig.)
R. Story by Oliver Onions.
S. Former name of Tokyo.
T. Eccentric.
U. A fineback.
V. Traditional Jewish Yom Kippur melody.
W. Easily offended.
X. A dungeon with opening only at the top.
Y. Unleavened bread at Passover (Jewish).
Z. Suitable for affording rest.

WORDS

A. 42 128 141 13 6 24 153
B. 168 102 176 9
C. 74 18 161 68 126 121
D. 67 2 89 96 39 56 172 159
E. 12 27 140 116 92 164 111
F. 179 1 129 134 91 145
G. 32 151 14 71 37 106 41
H. 76 64 132 52 143 178
I. 63 154 84 99 35 43 16 136
J. 110 147 72 175 93 177 120 100 54 46 78
K. 51 5 139 38 49 21 15 157
L. 77 7 94 59 171 10
M. 22 79 162 69 61
N. 87 98 165 137
O. 148 174 101 40 30 152 25 138 108 85 8 57
P. 170 144 36 115 127
Q. 62 50 130 142 81
R. 114 23 149 90 123 45 34 48 31 156 125
S. 113 160 60 20 3
T. 58 65 47 124 80 109
U. 122 97 117 163 33 131 75
V. 112 169 17 66 135 26 180 88
W. 107 155 150 82 146
X. 104 19 173 133 158 44 119 95 118
Y. 4 53 103 28 73 167 70
Z. 55 11 166 29 86 105 83

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